

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 22, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

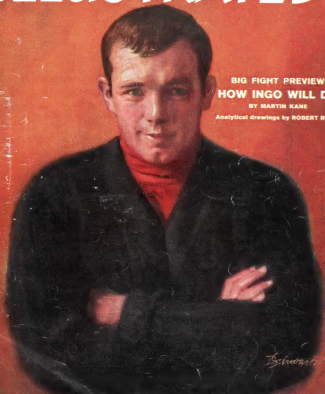
25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

BIG FIGHT PREVIEW
HOW INGO WILL DO

BY MARTIN KANE

Analytical drawings by ROBERT RIGER





enjoy
the true
old-style Kentucky Bourbon

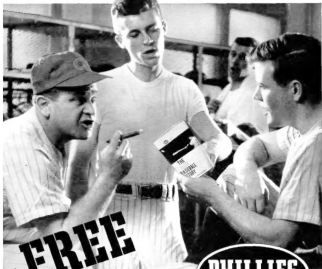
always smoother because it's slow-distilled

It's the extra care and attention of slow-distilling...the patient willingness to take twice as long...that gives Early Times a full, gratifying flavor. Making whisky this old-style way costs more, but we think you'll agree it's worth it.

EARLY TIMES

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 50 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Why Argue? Look it up!



FREE

64 Page Book . . .

"THE 1959 BASEBALL STORY"

No arguments, no guesswork, just facts . . . here's the inside dope on all 16 clubs . . . stars . . . rookies . . . statistics . . . schedules and photographs. This 64 page book *free* with your purchase of 4 five-packs of Phillies Perfectos or Blunts . . . Cigars and free book are wrapped together in one convenient package — what a combination!

Ask your dealer for the Phillies Special Baseball Pack today and enjoy "Miracle Mild" Phillies . . . America's best selling cigars — 'cause they're the best smoking cigars.



*Prepared by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
America's outstanding sports magazine.*

If
it
punctures,
we
pay
for
road
service.

THE **GENERAL DUAL 90**



with Nygen Cord
and 2 Treads . . .
designed for
longer, safer mileage
than any tire
ever built.
It prevents accidents
and saves lives.

25,000 MILES

35,000 MILES

50,000 MILES

Great Japanese Johnson ▶

Suzuki's challenger for the heavyweight title holds in his right hand the key to his chances against Floyd Patterson. In the studied opinion of Martin Kane (see page 21).

Painting by David Schovell

Next week



▶ David Goodson, in a series of remarkable photographs, records in color the magnificent golden eagle in full flight, one of the rarest and most thrilling sights in all nature.

▶ Ted Maule reports from the scene at Boulder, Col., on the national track and field championships which determine the U.S. team that will meet the Russians in July.

▶ TV has brought a sudden boom to the old Colt Peace-maker. Cole Plating creates the trusty revolver from its birth to its resurrection and offers some selecting advice.

Sports Illustrated published weekly by TIME, Inc., 440 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. This issue is published in a National, Eastern-West Coast and Eastern-Southwest edition. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: U.S. & Canada \$1.50 one year.



12



14



16



18



20



64



Contents

JUNE 22, 1959 Volume 18, Number 25

12 Finish in the Mud

Sword Dancer's Belmont victory was overshadowed by death on the course and a narrow escape

14 The U.S. Open

Herbert Warren Wind describes the thrilling finish and the cheerful new champion

16 Sky-high for Kansas

Venerable Kansas trackmen defied daffy designs, brought out the truth at Lincoln, Nebraska

18 Catch as Catch Can

How far out can you get? was a question seriously answered twice at Yankee Stadium

20 Spectacle: Race in the Clouds

Picture Scout photographs in color Europe's famed and spectacularly beautiful Alpine Rally

28 Job for Joe Friday

His real-life counterparts in Los Angeles are still in a quandary as the heaving frost

34 Preview: Patterson vs. Johansson

Analyzed words and drawings on the heavyweight battle, by Martin Kane and Robert Rizer

64 Part II: Jack Johnson's Lives

The decline and fall of the "Black Hercules" of the Heavyweights," whose dreams of glory were dim

The departments

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 7 Scoreboard | 50 Charles Goren |
| 10 Baseball's Week | 52 Tip from the Top |
| 11 Coming Events | 54 Food |
| 25 Events & Discoveries | 73 19th Hole |
| 30 Wonderful World | 76 Pat on the Back |
| 43 Baseball | |

Authorship credit on page 7

REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

Nothing makes a woman

more feminine

to
a
man...



L'AIMANT
(THE MAGNET)
by COTY

FOR MEN USE

THE ESSENCE OF BEAUTY THAT IS FRANCE

Manufactured and Copyrighted by Coty, Inc., in U.S.A.

MEMO from the publisher



JOHN WETTE



THE DAVIDSONS

EARLIER this month some 400 distinguished representatives of the fashion industry, including retailers, manufacturers and designers (I could almost roll them fashion's 400) gathered at a dinner to honor the winners of this year's **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Design Awards.

Established in 1956, the awards have become an annual and highly coveted recognition of certain women's sportswear designers whose creations have most notably expressed the sporting look—not only in the comfort which sport itself invites but in the beauty which it inspires.

One evidence of how the sporting look has come to be a leading and inseparable element in the design of almost all apparel is the honor roll of previous award winners, whose accomplishments are far from being confined to active sportswear. In 1956 the winners were the late Claire McCordell and Rudi Gernreich; in 1957 Sydney Wragge and Bill Atkinson; and in 1958 Bon-

nie Cashin, Rose Marie Reid and Jeanne Campbell.

The 1959 awards (31, April 28) add to the honor roll the names of Archibald and Melville Davidson, who have "continuously contributed to the American Sporting Look over the past 10 years"; and John Wette, "who, during the past year, has made the most significant contribution to sportswear."

At the dinner one more award (like the others, part of a musical review written for the occasion) went to Ginger Rogers, who won it simply on general principles. For Miss Rogers always looks like the sporting look when the sporting look looks its best.

And not just by chance; she is a sports enthusiast whose tennis talents once took her into the nationals at Forest Hills.

The trophy now joins a good many others in her Beverly Hills home. "Ah!" said the star of *Kitty Peale* as she accepted it, "at last my Oscar will have something to drink out of."



GINGER ROGERS

Arthur Murphy

SUBSCRIPTION RATES U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. \$1.50. All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$2.00.

ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 100 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 10, Ill. Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please name magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Change requires no fee as well as new address.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 8 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 20, N.Y.

OTHER TIME INC. PUBLICATIONS TIME, LIFE, SPANISH, INTERNATIONAL, RAINBOW and other magazines. Chairman, Magazine T. Moore; President, Roy E. Lyster; Executive Vice President for Publications, Maxwell Bahr; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles L. Goldman; Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Greenough; Vice Presidents, Edgar S. Baker, Bernard Baruch, Clay Matthews, Arnold W. Cohen, Allen Graves, Andrew Heiskell, C. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Linn, Ralph D. Paine Jr., R. I. Pincus, William C. Paine Jr.; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John S. Harvey.



Drive 10 to 15 yards further on the fly!

**Announcing the longest flying golf ball ever made in America—
—the astonishing DISTANCE DOT—new from core to cover!**

The new DISTANCE DOT leaves the club head like a rifle shot, delivers the sweetest "click" in golf. Most important, you'll find your drives flying 10 to 15 yards further—10 to 15 yards *over* the green!

Every detail of this golf ball is new—and better! Core, winding, cover and finish. And, never before have such exacting standards of

golf ball manufacturing been so rigidly maintained. The result: the longest, truest, whitest golf ball in history!

Next time you've got a golf game coming up, look for the package with the words "NEW DISTANCE DOT" on the cellophane wrapper. Sold at pro shops only. *Unconditionally* guaranteed, of course!

SPALDING
into the game in sports

**Treat
your guests
royally**



ADDRESS: LACROIX, CORP., DETROIT 2, MICH. — 205 240-0000

PHILCO

Dr. M. J. Murphy: Andrew M. Murphy, Jr.

BEST GUIDE YET...



ESSO ROAD MAPS are considered by millions of motorists to be the most complete and up-to-date maps made. Big and clearly detailed, these perfect road guides are the world's easiest to read. From across town to cross country you can always rely on accurate Esso Road Maps.

ESSO TOURING SERVICE is another important "Happy Motoring" aid found exclusively at the Esso Sign. It's the only free service that actually plans in detail a personalized trip for you . . . either at home or abroad. It also gives you the latest road conditions, places of interest, scenic routes and many other helpful hints for a perfect trip. Ask your Esso Dealer for a postpaid request card.

Of course there's no charge for these fine road maps and personalized touring service — they are yours for the asking . . . another reason why more people stop at the Esso Sign than any other in the entire area served by Esso Dealers.

Everything you need for
"Happy Motoring"
is yours at the Esso Sign!



ESSO STANDARD OIL COMPANY

Quaffmanship

*An historical, gastronomical and practical guide
to the joys of quaffing the finest of beers*

QUAFF:

"To drink or swallow
in large draughts
and with pleasure."

OUT OF THE CRABBE ENDLESSLY QUAFFING

Some archaeologists believe that beer was discovered before fire. We like to think so. We do know that some 8,000 years ago beer was being brewed in Mesopotamia — the "cradle" of civilization. Probing around among the ruins of Nineveh, archaeologists discovered a tablet listing beer among the provisions of Noah's ark. The ancient Babylonians deserve our thanks for several sensible contributions to civilized quaffing: taverns were manned by women — the world's first barmaids. Everybody quaffed now and paid later — the world's first charge account.

King Hammurabi, one of the great Babylonian kings, staunchly safeguarded quaffers against crafty barmaids. Any maid who played fast and loose with a patron on the size of the drink, or the final reckoning, was summarily dunked in the nearest pool of water.

In Egypt, beer had its own goddesses and temples. The brew was prescribed for athletes, placed in coffins as nourishment for life in the hereafter and had A-1 priority for sacrifices. Ramses III once parted with 25,000 of his choicest gallons to placate the angry gods.



BEVERAGE OF THE ROSSAR, BURGER AND BARN

The art of brewing spread with the art of conquest. Egyptians taught Greeks; Greeks taught Romans and Romans spread the habit to the British. Apparently, the lessons took hold. Amphicler recommended "bread, meat, vegetables and beer" as the ideal diet. Caesar watched his officers cross the Rubicon while he quaffed heartily of the noble brew. The crews for the heroes of Valhalla called for beer. And where would New England be today if the Pilgrims had an ample supply of beer? Virginia was their original destination, but a journal of their voyage records "we could not now take time for further search . . . our victuals being much spent, especially our beere."



We believe some eminent historian once wrote that "great civilizations flower and turn to a handful of dust." But when the dust clears away — the art of brewing and the joys of quaffing survive. In Europe, beer progressed from the family vat (mother was always the brewmistress), to the famed secret brews of the monasteries, to the great commercial breweries.

Beer became the truly universal drink — the beverage of the beggar, the brawler and the baron.

THE PRELIMINARIES OF QUAFFING

Suppose you have bought twelve bottles of Carlsberg beer. To store them properly, they must be kept in a cool, dark place. If, like Hamlet, you own a castle, the possibilities are unlimited. If you don't own one, the bottom shelf of your refrigerator will do.

Europeans generally prefer Carlsberg at about 50°. Americans quaff at a nippier 40°. At any temperature Carlsberg has a

clarity, effervescence and taste that is quite remarkable. Carlsberg beer should not be "quick-chilled." However, unexpected guests do pop up. Should they demand their Carlsberg at once — chill it with an ice bucket, cubes and water. Don't brood about it. We sympathize, and offer this time-tested advice: keep a goodly supply of Carlsberg in the "fridge" at all times. (Note: under no circumstances should you add ice directly to beer.)

OPENING AND POURING TECHNIQUES

The most widely accepted method of opening a bottle of Carlsberg is the "classical." Approach the bottle with carefully controlled exhilaration. Grasp it firmly and bring it around the neck and remove the cap in one flowing motion, never taking your eyes off the bottle. You may well be tremendously pleasing, bouquet of Carlsberg before you pour.

There are three schools of thought on how to pour:

EUROPEAN-AMERICAN SCHOOL: Hold bottle in horizontal position and pour down the side of the glass, tilting glass slightly. When half filled, pour over the center of glass. Sniff — sip — quaff!

VIENNA SCHOOL: Glass is upright, bottle is at 45° angle. Pour down side of glass slowly to build up a good head (an inch to an inch and a half). Sniff — sip — quaff!

WOMAN-UNCONSCIOUSNESS SCHOOL: (For women and godelts.) Hold bottle over the center and pour. Let a good head form — as foam evaporates — pour remaining beer. Sniff — sip — quaff!





CARLSBERG BEER AND VIRTUE

Grip a glass of Carlsberg, take a good quaff, and you taste the simple joys of living. Friends are good friends — talk is good talk — and food is magnificent! Carlsberg gives Carlsberg because it is another Wagnerian (overpowering food) not Light Opera (dominated by the food). Carlsberg is especially pleasing with pork, sausage, game, shellfish, curries, smorgasbord, beer and steak. An impartial survey in Denmark revealed that Danes quaff Carlsberg on two occasions only: (a) with meals (b) without meals. Follow this simple rule and you can't go wrong.

Here is a delightful epicurean touch to foods — getting up grapes and sautés, giving a marvelous lightness and texture to pastiches, puddings and cakes. Some of the classic gourmet beer recipes around the world are the Belgian *Beauf à la Flamande*. After no more, a fish in black sauce from Carlsberglovakia (Belgium), a beer soup from Denmark, and Germany's *Beutenau Beer*.

Here is the recipe for *Beuf à la Flamande*, also called *Carlsbergsteak à la Flamande*, a renowned Flemish stew:

BOEUF À LA FLAMANDE

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| 4 lbs. beef (brisket, | 2 tsp. salt |
| cups round steak) | 1/4 tsp. pepper |
| 4 cups sliced onions | 1 tsp. sugar |
| 2 cups butter | 2 bay leaves |
| 2 cups beer | 1/2 tsp. thyme |
| 2 cups Carlsberg beer | 3 cups minced |
| 3 cups vinegar | garlic |

Buy first cut brisket or have the other finger cut 1 inch thick. Cook into 15 minutes. Use a Dutch oven or heavy casserole and brown the onions in the butter. Remove the onions and brown the meat in the remaining butter. Sprinkle with the flour. Add Carlsberg beer, onion, vinegar, salt, pepper, sugar, bay leaves, thyme and parsley. Cover and cook over low heat 3 hours, or until meat is very tender. Serves 8-9.

CARLSBERG THE "WINE" OF COPENHAGEN

Carlsberg is not an ordinary beer. It costs more because it's brewed with extraordinary care and integrity. Carlsberg is not a heavy, dark beer, the kind most commonly associated with European brews.

It is a decidedly intellectual beer — a beer so pleasant to the palate that you don't register a "taste" for it — you just fall in love with it at first quaff! It always looks clean and brilliant, with a jaunty, natural effervescence, a thickly textured, creamy head that settles unobtrusively around your lips. It is undeniably smooth, strong (strong) — and it has a happy, mellow taste with absolutely no bitterness afterward — none. Carlsberg has strength without clamor, subtlety without faintness. It has been rightly called "the wine of Copenhagen."

FATHER AND SON: AN HISTORICAL FOUNDATION

Carlsberg was founded by J. C. Jacobsen, a master brewer who put humanity first, business second. In 1847, he brewed the first lager beer in Denmark, naming it "Carlsberg" after his son Carl, and the hill (bung) on which the brewery was built. Carl Jacobsen later started an independent brewery of his own in 1882, "Ny Carlsberg" (the new Carlsberg). Father and son were devoted to the same business ideal, the ideal which still governs Carlsberg today. Here are three words:

"In working the Carlsberg Brewery it should be a constant purpose, regardless of immediate profit, to develop the art of making beer to the greatest degree of perfection in order that these beverages as well as their product may ever stand out as a model and so, through their example, assist in keeping beer brewing in Denmark on a high and honorable level."

THE CARLSBERG FOUNDATIONS

Father J. C. Jacobsen, or the "Apostle," as he was called, was one of the first industrialists to realize the importance of science to practical industry. As a tribute, he built and equipped the now famous Carlsberg Laboratories where "no result of theoretical or practical importance shall be kept secret or patented." In 1870, he set up the first Carlsberg Foundation, devoted to science and culture, the eventual heir to the Carlsberg Brewery. His son Carl, thinking along the same lines, organized the Ny Carlsberg Foundation for the advancement of art. In 1899 the inevitable happened, the two bequests joined. The Carlsberg Foundations assumed control of the breweries and the profits were to be devoted to cultural and scientific pursuit for all time. Today Carlsberg is one of the largest breweries in the world — and its beer is sold in 111 countries.



AWAKE AND QUAFF!

At last! You are ready to quaff a Carlsberg! Look up your friendly neighborhood



grocer or delicatessen or supermarket and stock up now! Take home a case — you'll want it. All the glowing words in the world do not compare to one sip of this noble brew of Copenhagen. If your man is lacking in Carlsberg, show him our quaffmanship at — demand your rights — and he will have his supply faster than you can say "stead dig us here!" Every Carlsberg at your favorite restaurant or hotel, they're sure to have it. Awake and quaff!

Quaffmanship

A toast to the joys of life
Growth of health (by ancient toast)
Rise! the cup of love,
And warm each happy, generous breast
With comradeship and love!
(Amen.)

SELECT CARLSBERG QUAFFERS:

Good News! The joyous toast you just read is permanently inscribed on the official Carlsberg Quaffer's Plaque! The plaque is quite handsome, even majestic in looks, and is conveniently suitable for hanging in your den, basement or office. Order your Quaffer's Plaque today! Only 75c each.

How to sing the Quaffer's toast without accident, truly *be magis boni*? Of course we have the famous Carlsberg Beer Mug from Copenhagen! A big, hefty, sculptured 12.55 oz. glass affords that you can really get a grip on! Order by the half dozen at \$2.00 or 31.00 each.

If some of your fellow quaffers will enter this ad, you may have as many copies of it as you like, FREE!

To order your Carlsberg Quaffaria, just note the items you wish and send a check or money order and your name and address to: Carlsberg Quaffers, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

"Thank for 'Carl Jacobsen'" "Thank for Carlsberg"
Copyright 1969 Carlsberg, Copenhagen, Denmark.
New York, N. Y.

Conducted By Mr. C. B. Mortensen of the Carlsberg Breweries



“I married a Schweppesman”

After you saw Admiral Whitehead, known on three of four continents as “Tommie,” Wife to Commander Whitehead, who first brought Schweppes home to these thirsty shores.

“Edward walks, talks, breathes Schweppes,” says the devoted “Tommie,” and more power to him! Home in England we’re all trained on the stuff!

In over a century nobody has been able to copy

Schweppes flavor. A curiously refreshing flavor that comes from English ingredients. Artificially Schweppes gives a Grand Tonic Schweppes measure. Try bottles that last the whole drink through.

Of course, Schweppes will cost you a few cents more than dose-in substitutes. But as “Tommie” Whitehead says: “The real stuff always costs more.”

You can see why the Commander married her.

schweppes.com “Only a few cents difference in price... but a priceless difference in taste!”



ONLY NATIONAL



gives you that vacation feeling the moment you board. Last winter, National's jets cut Miami-New York flight time almost in half. National's radar-equipped planes pioneered smoother flights to Florida. Fly the airline with the new ideas. • First with jets in the U.S.A., National Airlines serves 15 states and 38 cities on the Atlantic Seaboard, all Florida, Cuba, the Gulf Coast, and Texas. Also through-plane service to California...and South America in cooperation with other leading airlines.

FIRST WITH JETS IN THE U.S.A.



English Ford Line station wagon only \$1651*

IT'S IMPORTED! IT'S FORD! IT'S YOURS FOR \$1 A DAY!

Your trade-in may fully cover the down payment that starts you on the \$1-a-day plan, now offered by most dealers.

Stop dreaming of owning a new, imported car! See your English Ford Line dealer just as soon as you can. Choose the 2-door Anglia at \$1561*, the 4-door Prefect at \$1691* or the Escort station wagon at \$1651*. Drive away... pay only \$1 a day!

English Ford Line cars are British to the core in their fine craftsmanship and conservative styling. And Ford means fine performance and extra value throughout the world.

You'll get up to 33 miles per gallon of regular gas, and the engine holds only two quarts of oil. You'll also save on insurance, depreciation, tires, service, registration fee.

Compared to the two other leading imports, there's two square feet more visibility...and the roomy trunk holds almost 60 more luggage. Fully sprung foam rubber seats and two-tone washable upholstery. Instrument panel includes important fuel and temperature gauges.

Costly copper plating under chrome helps ward off rust and peeling. Modern 12-volt electrical system. Front brakes have two hydraulic cylinders for extra safety. The water-cooled engine muffles engine noise, provides plenty of heat for winter comfort.

Modern, single-unit body construction for added strength and safety. Battery, carburetor and brake master cylinder are easily accessible. Gas tank is in the rear—not in front of passengers, not

next to hot engine, as in some imports.

There are hundreds of franchised English Ford Line dealers. You'll find them in every state.

Locate your nearest dealer in a jiffy... Call Western Union—then ask for Operator 23. She can give you the name of your nearest English Ford Line dealer at once. Call any time. How about right now?

*Minimum cash charge and actual price at Ford-owned Ford yards of cars, vans, and light trucks, and transportation tools. F.O.B. factory. Money included in cost of all cars and vans. Trade-in Ford and non-Ford. All taxes, license, title, and optional equipment, delivery, and dealer prep extra. See the United States for selected dealers. For further information, write: Department 100-100, Ford Motor Company, 3800 Schaefer Blvd., Dearborn, Mich.



Anglia, Prefect, Escort, and other models available. See your nearest Ford dealer for details.

SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

TRACK & FIELD—Kansas had produced more all-around N.C.A.A. champions last year than 1956 until last weekend at Lincoln, Neb., when ringside spectators did not wait long to suggest prize money for the three four-point stars of college sports—Norman Papanek, who Charles Gifford outdistanced him in 100-yard dash, 9.5, 10.1; and longer, his ability to run 100 yards in 10.1 seconds; and rabbit-legged Bobbie Shaffer, who cleared 23 feet 5 inches in board jump. When awarded places in nine events were noted as follows: Shaffer had 10 points and was far ahead of occupying the 100-meter dash, 10.1 seconds; 100-meter dash, 10.1 seconds; 200-meter dash, 20.1 seconds; 400-meter dash, 40.1 seconds; 800-meter dash, 80.1 seconds; 1,600-meter dash, 160.1 seconds; 3,200-meter dash, 320.1 seconds; 6,400-meter dash, 640.1 seconds; 12,800-meter dash, 1,280.1 seconds; 25,600-meter dash, 2,560.1 seconds; 51,200-meter dash, 5,120.1 seconds; 102,400-meter dash, 10,240.1 seconds; 204,800-meter dash, 20,480.1 seconds; 409,600-meter dash, 40,960.1 seconds; 819,200-meter dash, 81,920.1 seconds; 1,638,400-meter dash, 163,840.1 seconds; 3,276,800-meter dash, 327,680.1 seconds; 6,553,600-meter dash, 655,360.1 seconds; 13,107,200-meter dash, 1,310,720.1 seconds; 26,214,400-meter dash, 2,621,440.1 seconds; 52,428,800-meter dash, 5,242,880.1 seconds; 104,857,600-meter dash, 10,485,760.1 seconds; 209,715,200-meter dash, 20,971,520.1 seconds; 419,430,400-meter dash, 41,943,040.1 seconds; 838,860,800-meter dash, 83,886,080.1 seconds; 1,677,721,600-meter dash, 167,772,160.1 seconds; 3,355,443,200-meter dash, 335,544,320.1 seconds; 6,710,886,400-meter dash, 671,088,640.1 seconds; 13,421,772,800-meter dash, 1,342,177,280.1 seconds; 26,843,545,600-meter dash, 2,684,354,560.1 seconds; 53,687,091,200-meter dash, 5,368,709,120.1 seconds; 107,374,182,400-meter dash, 10,737,418,240.1 seconds; 214,748,364,800-meter dash, 21,474,836,480.1 seconds; 429,496,729,600-meter dash, 42,949,672,960.1 seconds; 858,993,459,200-meter dash, 85,899,345,920.1 seconds; 1,717,986,918,400-meter dash, 171,798,691,840.1 seconds; 3,435,973,836,800-meter dash, 343,597,383,680.1 seconds; 6,871,947,673,600-meter dash, 687,194,767,360.1 seconds; 13,743,895,347,200-meter dash, 1,374,389,534,720.1 seconds; 27,487,790,694,400-meter dash, 2,748,779,069,440.1 seconds; 54,975,581,388,800-meter dash, 5,497,558,138,880.1 seconds; 109,951,162,777,600-meter dash, 10,995,116,277,760.1 seconds; 219,902,325,555,200-meter dash, 21,990,232,555,520.1 seconds; 439,804,651,110,400-meter dash, 43,980,465,111,040.1 seconds; 879,609,302,220,800-meter dash, 87,960,930,222,080.1 seconds; 1,759,218,604,441,600-meter dash, 175,921,860,444,160.1 seconds; 3,518,437,208,883,200-meter dash, 351,843,720,888,320.1 seconds; 7,036,874,417,766,400-meter dash, 703,687,441,776,640.1 seconds; 14,073,748,835,532,800-meter dash, 1,407,374,883,553,280.1 seconds; 28,147,497,671,065,600-meter dash, 2,814,749,767,106,560.1 seconds; 56,294,995,342,131,200-meter dash, 5,629,499,534,213,120.1 seconds; 112,589,990,684,262,400-meter dash, 11,258,999,068,426,240.1 seconds; 225,179,981,368,524,800-meter dash, 22,517,998,136,852,480.1 seconds; 450,359,962,737,049,600-meter dash, 45,035,996,273,704,960.1 seconds; 900,719,925,474,099,200-meter dash, 90,071,992,547,409,920.1 seconds; 1,801,439,850,948,198,400-meter dash, 180,143,985,094,819,840.1 seconds; 3,602,879,701,896,396,800-meter dash, 360,287,970,189,639,680.1 seconds; 7,205,759,403,792,793,600-meter dash, 720,575,940,379,279,360.1 seconds; 14,411,518,807,585,587,200-meter dash, 1,441,151,880,758,558,720.1 seconds; 28,823,037,615,171,174,400-meter dash, 2,882,303,761,517,117,440.1 seconds; 57,646,075,230,342,348,800-meter dash, 5,764,607,523,034,234,880.1 seconds; 115,292,150,460,684,697,600-meter dash, 11,529,215,046,068,469,760.1 seconds; 230,584,300,921,369,395,200-meter dash, 23,058,430,092,136,939,520.1 seconds; 461,168,601,842,738,790,400-meter dash, 46,116,860,184,273,879,040.1 seconds; 922,337,203,685,477,580,800-meter dash, 92,233,720,368,547,758,080.1 seconds; 1,844,674,407,370,955,161,600-meter dash, 184,467,440,737,095,516,160.1 seconds; 3,689,348,814,741,910,323,200-meter dash, 368,934,881,474,191,032,320.1 seconds; 7,378,697,629,483,820,646,400-meter dash, 737,869,762,948,382,064,640.1 seconds; 14,757,395,258,967,641,292,800-meter dash, 1,475,739,525,896,764,129,280.1 seconds; 29,514,790,517,935,282,585,600-meter dash, 2,951,479,051,793,528,258,560.1 seconds; 59,029,581,035,870,565,171,200-meter dash, 5,902,958,103,587,056,517,120.1 seconds; 118,059,162,071,741,130,342,400-meter dash, 11,805,916,207,174,113,034,240.1 seconds; 236,118,324,143,482,260,684,800-meter dash, 23,611,832,414,348,226,068,480.1 seconds; 472,236,648,286,964,521,369,600-meter dash, 47,223,664,828,696,452,136,960.1 seconds; 944,473,296,573,929,042,739,200-meter dash, 94,447,329,657,392,904,273,920.1 seconds; 1,888,946,593,147,858,085,478,400-meter dash, 188,894,659,314,785,808,547,840.1 seconds; 3,777,893,186,295,716,170,956,800-meter dash, 377,789,318,629,571,617,095,680.1 seconds; 7,555,786,372,591,432,341,913,600-meter dash, 755,578,637,259,143,234,191,360.1 seconds; 15,111,572,745,182,864,683,827,200-meter dash, 1,511,157,274,518,286,468,382,720.1 seconds; 30,223,145,490,365,729,367,654,400-meter dash, 3,022,314,549,036,572,936,765,440.1 seconds; 60,446,290,980,731,458,735,308,800-meter dash, 6,044,629,098,073,145,873,530,880.1 seconds; 120,892,581,961,462,917,470,617,600-meter dash, 12,089,258,196,146,291,747,061,760.1 seconds; 241,785,163,922,925,834,941,235,200-meter dash, 24,178,516,392,292,583,494,123,520.1 seconds; 483,570,327,845,851,669,882,470,400-meter dash, 48,357,032,784,585,166,988,247,040.1 seconds; 967,140,655,691,703,339,764,940,800-meter dash, 96,714,065,569,170,339,764,940,800.1 seconds; 1,934,281,311,383,406,679,529,881,600-meter dash, 193,428,131,138,340,667,952,988,160.1 seconds; 3,868,562,622,766,813,359,059,763,200-meter dash, 386,856,262,276,681,335,905,976,320.1 seconds; 7,737,125,245,533,626,718,119,526,400-meter dash, 773,712,524,553,362,671,811,952,640.1 seconds; 15,474,250,491,067,253,436,239,052,800-meter dash, 1,547,425,049,106,725,343,623,905,280.1 seconds; 30,948,500,982,134,506,872,478,105,600-meter dash, 3,094,850,098,213,450,687,247,810,560.1 seconds; 61,897,001,964,269,013,744,956,211,200-meter dash, 6,189,700,196,426,901,374,495,621,120.1 seconds; 123,794,003,928,538,027,489,912,422,400-meter dash, 12,379,400,392,853,802,748,991,242,240.1 seconds; 247,588,007,857,076,054,979,824,844,800-meter dash, 24,758,800,785,707,605,497,982,484,480.1 seconds; 495,176,015,714,152,109,959,649,689,600-meter dash, 49,517,601,571,415,210,995,964,968,960.1 seconds; 990,352,031,428,304,219,919,299,379,200-meter dash, 99,035,203,142,830,421,991,929,937,920.1 seconds; 1,980,704,062,856,608,439,838,598,758,400-meter dash, 198,070,406,285,660,843,983,859,875,840.1 seconds; 3,961,408,125,713,216,879,677,197,516,800-meter dash, 396,140,812,571,321,687,967,719,751,680.1 seconds; 7,922,816,251,426,433,759,354,395,033,600-meter dash, 792,281,625,142,643,375,935,439,503,360.1 seconds; 15,845,632,502,852,867,518,708,790,067,200-meter dash, 1,584,563,250,285,286,751,870,879,006,720.1 seconds; 31,691,265,005,705,735,037,417,580,134,400-meter dash, 3,169,126,500,570,573,503,741,758,013,440.1 seconds; 63,382,530,011,411,470,074,835,160,268,800-meter dash, 6,338,253,001,141,147,007,483,516,026,880.1 seconds; 126,765,060,022,822,940,149,670,320,537,600-meter dash, 12,676,506,002,282,294,014,967,032,053,760.1 seconds; 253,530,120,045,645,880,299,340,640,107,200-meter dash, 25,353,012,004,564,588,029,934,064,010,720.1 seconds; 507,060,240,091,291,760,598,681,280,214,400-meter dash, 50,706,024,009,129,176,059,868,128,021,440.1 seconds; 1,014,120,480,182,583,521,197,362,560,428,800-meter dash, 101,412,048,018,258,352,119,736,256,042,880.1 seconds; 2,028,240,960,365,167,042,394,725,120,857,600-meter dash, 202,824,096,036,516,704,239,472,512,085,760.1 seconds; 4,056,481,920,730,334,084,789,450,241,715,200-meter dash, 405,648,192,073,033,408,478,945,024,171,520.1 seconds; 8,112,963,841,460,668,169,578,900,483,430,400-meter dash, 811,296,384,146,066,816,957,890,048,343,040.1 seconds; 16,225,927,682,921,336,339,157,800,966,860,800-meter dash, 1,622,592,768,292,133,633,915,780,096,860,800.1 seconds; 32,451,855,365,842,672,678,315,601,933,721,600-meter dash, 3,245,185,536,584,267,267,831,560,193,372,160.1 seconds; 64,903,710,731,685,345,356,631,203,867,443,200-meter dash, 6,490,371,073,168,534,535,663,120,386,744,320.1 seconds; 129,807,421,463,370,690,713,262,415,734,886,400-meter dash, 12,980,742,146,337,069,071,326,241,573,488,640.1 seconds; 259,614,842,926,741,381,426,524,831,469,772,800-meter dash, 25,961,484,292,674,138,142,652,483,146,977,280.1 seconds; 519,229,685,853,482,762,853,049,662,939,545,600-meter dash, 51,922,968,585,348,276,285,304,966,293,954,560.1 seconds; 1,038,459,367,706,965,525,706,109,325,879,091,200-meter dash, 103,845,936,770,696,552,570,610,932,587,909,120.1 seconds; 2,076,918,735,413,931,051,412,218,651,758,182,400-meter dash, 207,691,873,541,393,105,141,221,865,175,818,240.1 seconds; 4,153,837,470,827,862,102,824,437,313,516,364,800-meter dash, 415,383,747,082,786,210,282,443,731,351,636,480.1 seconds; 8,307,674,941,655,724,205,648,874,627,032,729,600-meter dash, 830,767,494,165,572,420,564,887,462,703,272,960.1 seconds; 16,615,349,883,311,448,411,297,755,244,065,459,200-meter dash, 1,661,534,988,331,144,841,129,775,524,406,545,920.1 seconds; 33,230,699,766,622,896,822,595,500,488,131,091,840-meter dash, 3,323,069,976,662,289,682,259,550,048,813,109,184.1 seconds; 66,461,399,533,245,793,645,191,000,976,262,183,680-meter dash, 6,646,139,953,324,579,364,519,100,976,262,183,680.1 seconds; 132,922,799,066,491,587,290,382,001,952,524,367,360-meter dash, 13,292,279,906,649,158,729,038,200,195,252,524,367,360.1 seconds; 265,845,598,132,983,174,580,764,003,905,048,734,720-meter dash, 26,584,559,813,298,317,458,076,400,390,504,873,472.1 seconds; 531,691,196,265,966,349,161,528,007,810,097,469,440-meter dash, 53,169,119,626,596,634,916,152,800,781,009,746,9,440.1 seconds; 1,063,382,392,531,932,698,323,056,015,621,138,938,880-meter dash, 106,338,239,253,193,269,832,305,601,562,113,893,880.1 seconds; 2,126,764,785,063,865,396,646,112,031,242,277,877,760-meter dash, 212,676,478,506,386,539,664,611,203,124,227,787,760.1 seconds; 4,253,529,570,127,730,793,292,224,062,484,555,755,520-meter dash, 425,352,957,012,773,079,329,224,062,484,555,755,520.1 seconds; 8,507,059,140,255,461,586,584,448,012,969,111,511,040-meter dash, 850,705,914,025,546,158,658,444,801,296,911,151,040.1 seconds; 17,014,118,280,510,923,173,168,896,025,938,223,022,080-meter dash, 1,701,411,828,051,092,317,316,889,602,593,822,302,080.1 seconds; 34,028,236,561,021,846,346,337,792,051,876,446,044,160-meter dash, 3,402,823,656,102,184,634,633,779,205,187,644,604,160.1 seconds; 68,056,473,122,043,692,692,675,584,113,751,292,088,320-meter dash, 6,805,647,312,204,369,269,267,558,411,375,129,208,320.1 seconds; 136,112,946,244,087,385,385,351,168,227,502,584,176,640-meter dash, 13,611,294,624,408,738,538,535,116,822,750,258,417,640.1 seconds; 272,225,892,488,174,770,770,702,336,455,005,168,353,280-meter dash, 27,222,589,248,817,477,077,070,233,645,500,516,835,328.1 seconds; 544,451,784,976,349,541,541,404,672,910,010,336,706,560-meter dash, 54,445,178,497,634,954,154,140,467,291,001,033,670,656.1 seconds; 1,088,903,569,952,699,083,082,809,345,820,020,673,413,120-meter dash, 108,890,356,995,269,908,308,280,934,582,002,067,341,312.1 seconds; 2,177,807,139,905,398,166,165,618,690,640,040,136,826,240-meter dash, 217,780,713,990,539,816,616,561,869,064,004,013,682,240.1 seconds; 4,355,614,279,810,796,332,331,237,381,280,080,273,652,480-meter dash, 435,561,427,981,079,633,233,123,738,128,008,027,365,248.1 seconds; 8,711,228,559,621,592,664,662,474,762,560,146,304,504,960-meter dash, 871,122,855,962,159,266,466,247,476,256,014,630,450,960.1 seconds; 17,422,457,113,243,185,329,325,949,525,120,292,608,909,920-meter dash, 1,742,245,711,324,318,532,932,594,952,512,029,260,890,920.1 seconds; 34,844,914,226,486,370,658,651,899,050,240,585,217,819,840-meter dash, 3,484,491,422,648,637,065,865,189,905,024,058,521,781,984.1 seconds; 69,689,828,452,972,741,317,313,798,100,491,170,435,639,680-meter dash, 6,968,982,845,297,274,131,731,379,810,049,117,043,563,968.1 seconds; 139,379,656,905,945,482,634,627,596,200,982,340,871,279,360-meter dash, 13,937,965,690,594,548,263,462,759,620,098,234,087,127,936.1 seconds; 278,759,313,811,890,965,269,255,192,401,964,681,558,558,720-meter dash, 27,875,931,381,189,096,526,925,519,240,196,468,155,855,872.1 seconds; 557,518,627,623,781,930,538,510,384,803,929,363,117,111,744-meter dash, 55,751,862,762,378,193,053,851,038,480,392,936,311,711,744.1 seconds; 1,115,037,255,247,563,861,077,020,769,607,858,726,234,228,480-meter dash, 111,503,725,524,756,386,107,702,076,960,785,872,623,422,848.1 seconds; 2,230,074,510,495,127,722,154,040,153,921,717,452,468,456,960-meter dash, 223,007,451,049,512,722,154,040,153,921,717,452,468,456,960.1 seconds; 4,460,149,020,990,255,444,308,280,307,843,434,904,936,913,920-meter dash, 446,014,902,099,025,544,308,280,307,843,434,904,936,913,920.1 seconds; 8,920,298,041,980,510,888,616,560,615,686,868,871,873,824-meter dash, 892,029,804,198,051,088,861,656,061,568,868,871,873,824.1 seconds; 17,840,596,083,961,021,777,233,132,133,377,737,743,747,648-meter dash, 1,784,059,608,396,102,177,723,313,213,337,737,743,747,648.1 seconds; 35,681,192,167,922,043,554,466,264,266,755,475,487,495,296-meter dash, 3,568,119,216,792,204,355,446,626,266,755,475,487,495,296.1 seconds; 71,362,384,335,844,087,108,932,528,533,511,950,974,990,592-meter dash, 7,136,238,433,584,408,710,893,252,853,511,950,974,990,592.1 seconds; 142,724,768,671,688,174,217,865,057,067,023,901,979,981,184-meter dash, 14,272,476,867,168,817,421,786,505,706,702,390,197,998,118.1 seconds; 285,449,537,343,376,348,435,730,134,134,047,803,959,962,368-meter dash, 28,544,953,734,337,634,843,573,013,413,404,780,395,996,236.1 seconds; 570,899,074,686,752,696,871,460,268,268,168,607,919,924,736-meter dash, 57,089,907,468,675,269,687,146,026,826,816,860,791,992,473.1 seconds; 1,141,798,149,373,505,393,742,920,536,536,337,217,839,848,464-meter dash, 114,179,814,937,350,539,374,292,053,653,633,721,783,984,464.1 seconds; 2,283,596,298,747,010,787,485,841,073,072,674,435,679,696,928-meter dash, 228,359,629,874,701,078,748,584,107,307,267,443,567,969,696,928.1 seconds; 4,567,192,597,494,021,574,971,682,144,134,888,871,359,393,856-meter dash, 456,719,259,749,402,157,497,168,214,134,888,871,359,393,856.1 seconds; 9,134,385,194,988,043,149,943,364,288,269,777,742,718,787,712-meter dash, 913,438,519,498,804,314,994,336,428,269,777,742,718,787,712.1 seconds; 18,268,770,389,976,086,299,886,728,577,555,555,485,437,574,424-meter dash, 1,826,877,038,997,608,629,988,672,857,755,555,485,437,574,424.1 seconds; 36,537,540,779,952,172,599,773,457,155,111,111,970,875,148,848-meter dash, 3,653,754,077,995,217,259,977,345,715,511,111,970,875,148,848.1 seconds; 73,075,081,559,904,345,199,546,914,310

Look



No jutting pillars to guard against when you get in and out.

No squirm.

Make these comparisons with any competitive car



Door openings have been widened — makes getting in and out much easier. And no jutting door post.



See how much more head room there is in the Ford Family of Fine Cars — even for six-footers.



A break for the "middle man" — the floor hump has been cut way down to provide plenty of leg room.



Look at all the knee room up front. No overhanging instrument panel to crowd front seat passengers.



Notice how many new cars you have to step down into? Not in the Ford Family of Fine Cars.



Seats in the Ford Family of Fine Cars are designed to be chair-high. You sit in a natural sitting position.



No lack of comfortable seating space even for the man in the middle.



No uncomfortably low roof line to make you duck your head.

No squeeze, No squash

No compromise with comfort in the Ford Family of Fine Cars

Measure any of the 1959 Ford Family of Fine Cars against other cars. You'll be amazed at the difference in interior spaciousness and ease of entry and exit.

That's because at Ford Motor Company we design cars to fit people. Not people to fit cars.

We know Americans love their comfort. They hate to be hemmed in. That's why we've done

everything possible to provide more head room, more elbow room than ever before.

See for yourself. Visit any of our dealer's showrooms. Compare and be convinced. There's no compromise with comfort in the Ford Family of Fine Cars.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

The American Road, Dearborn, Michigan

FORD • THUNDERBIRD • EDSSEL
MERCURY • LINCOLN • CONTINENTAL MARK IV

COMING EVENTS

June 19 to June 25
16 sessions daily

• Calendar • Television • Special Events

Friday, June 19

- BOXING**
 • Frazier vs. Hagler, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
ORANGE GROVES
 • Frazier vs. Hagler, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
TRACK & FIELD
 • 100 yds. vs. 200 yds., 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC

Saturday, June 20

- BOXING**
 • Frazier vs. Hagler, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
ORANGE GROVES
 • Frazier vs. Hagler, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
TRACK & FIELD
 • 100 yds. vs. 200 yds., 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
BOXING
 • Frazier vs. Hagler, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
ORANGE GROVES
 • Frazier vs. Hagler, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
TRACK & FIELD
 • 100 yds. vs. 200 yds., 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC

Sunday, June 21

- BOXING**
 • Frazier vs. Hagler, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
ORANGE GROVES
 • Frazier vs. Hagler, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
TRACK & FIELD
 • 100 yds. vs. 200 yds., 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC

Monday, June 22

- BOXING**
 • Frazier vs. Hagler, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
ORANGE GROVES
 • Frazier vs. Hagler, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
TRACK & FIELD
 • 100 yds. vs. 200 yds., 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC

Tuesday, June 23

- BOXING**
 • Frazier vs. Hagler, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
ORANGE GROVES
 • Frazier vs. Hagler, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC

Wednesday, June 24

- BOXING**
 • Frazier vs. Hagler, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
ORANGE GROVES
 • Frazier vs. Hagler, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC

Thursday, June 25

- BOXING**
 • Frazier vs. Hagler, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
ORANGE GROVES
 • Frazier vs. Hagler, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC
TRACK & FIELD
 • 100 yds. vs. 200 yds., 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC

• See back listing

A TRIP ABROAD?



TELEPHONE FIRST

Your business trips to Europe can be more productive if you plan it ahead of time by overseas phone. Call the people you want to see . . . set up the schedule you want to follow.

And once there, remember that overseas calling is the best way to keep in touch with home and office.

Whether your trip is business or pleasure, phoning overseas is easy. Just give the operator your call.

TELEPHONE EUROPE FOR \$12

\$12 is the daytime rate for the first three minutes between any city in the United States and 20 countries in Europe, including:

Austria	France	Holland	Spain
Belgium	Germany	Italy	Sweden
Denmark	Great Britain	Norway	Switzerland

It must state the rate is most favorably set out at the bottom of the \$12 international card.

BELL SYSTEM OVERSEAS TELEPHONE SERVICE

YOU CAN TELEPHONE ALL OVER THE WORLD



FINISH IN THE MUD

Eddie Arcaro had a narrow escape from death while Sword Dancer won the most coveted race of them all in the quagmire of Belmont.

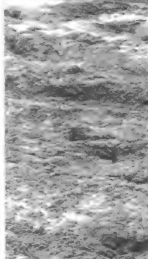
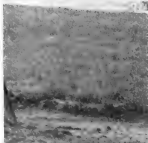
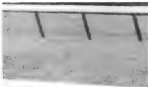
by WHITNEY TOWER

WHEN CHARGE suddenly started racing late around their eyes toward the far reaches of Belmont Park's final turn, where the muddy human handle pictured on the right lay motionless, half buried in a sea of slush, they knew they were witnessing one of those moments in sport loaded with personal tragedy.

At the instant this grim photograph was taken, during the first running of the Belmont Stakes last Saturday, the majority of the crowd was keeping attention on Sword Dancer's lead run over the Calumet Handicap. Seconds before that triumph was achieved, and just as Samuel Dancer, Daylark and King Hammett Dark Horse were developing a strong third-place position in the Champagne Stakes, the first-order voice of the public-address announcer had blared out, "Black Hills is down." All the crowd knew (or a certainty was that Black Hills was being ridden by Eddie Arcaro—universally recognized as one of the best jockeys of all time).

What none of them could tell the millionaires caught a glimpse of the rail on nationwide television—knew was whether Eddie Arcaro was dead or alive at this climactic moment of a hitherto colorful Belmont Day. Shoulders tensed up by the thousands as a continuing train of horse and jockey, reeling, tumbling, sliding, and falling, crossed.

Eddie Arcaro was not dead, but was badly hurt, hit by and escaped without a life-threatening concussion (although the ambulance seemed to take an eternity to reach him) he was off to the hospital, suffering not from fractures or broken bones, but from concussion, hemorrhage and multiple contusions of the chest. An alert Parkman Trust guard had been the first to reach Arcaro and he wisely did little more than assert a possible case of stroke by lifting that distinguished



and the horse was

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 22, 1988





THE MAN WITH THE DEVASTATING PUTTER

A relaxed and most pleasing new personality, Billy Casper, won a U.S. Open enlivened by the threats of Hogan and Snead

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

LATE Friday night, after a week of hot and humid weather, the rain-storms which had been daily predicted for the New York area finally broke. The rain fell hard during the night, and shortly after 8 o'clock on Saturday morning—the day the final 34 holes of the 90th National Open were scheduled to be played at the Winged Foot Club in Mamaroneck—it began to come down again in buckets, and play had to be suspended. There was some question for a while whether the entire day's play would have to be canceled, for part of the 4th green was under water and other low stretches of the course were slipping on being unplayable, but the skies suddenly cleared, the rain stopped, Winged Foot's wonderful drainage system took care of most of the danger points and play was resumed. However, the delay had consumed almost two hours, and since it would then have been impossible for the large field of 41-43 players had had at 150, the low-50 figure) who had qualified for the last 38 to have played two rounds before dark, the USGA wisely decided to limit Saturday's play to 18 holes and to push the final 18 over to Sunday.

This marked the first time since the National Open was originated back in 1895 that a change of this nature had been made in the championship's traditional format, which hitherto a climactic double round on Saturday, long the most brutal and exciting

day in golf. While it was a disappointment, in a way, to see this happen, after the third round was completed on Saturday quite a few players had in fact the stage was set, as it is, for excitement, with golf's most colorful and accomplished players met and center, and there was time to savor these players, who would have been during the whirlwind of a double round. The leader, Billy Casper, stood at 288, three shots in front of Ben Hogan and four in front of that other all but mythological personage, Sam Snead. Hogan was thereby, virtue of a 69 followed by two 71s. His first nine of the tournament, a 32 that could well have been strokes lower, was one of the most impressive stretches of Ben's whole career, and the years seemed to have been rolled back a full decade that morning as one saw the familiar figure with the familiar Mona Lisa smile beneath the familiar white cap being one man after another that covered the flag all the way. It would be extremely interesting to see if he had enough left on Sunday to make up three strokes on a competitor like Casper, who can stand both pressure and prosperity as he had shown by playing a 69 on his 3rd round despite the strain of being the leader at the end of the first 36. And Snead—right it finally be his day? (There again the Honorable Prince Charlie of the Open was with a striking measure of bringing off what he has for over two decades tragically failed to do. After starting, so characteristically, with bogeys on the 2nd and 3rd holes on his opening round, he had kept himself in good temper

and finished with a fair 53, added a 52, and on the third day had played his finest Open round in years, a 67 that saw him unfold four beautiful strokes and other thrilling shots which are a part of nobody else's golf vocabulary. Well, Sam would have a tough assignment trying to make up four strokes on Casper, who would lead Ben, Hogan and Arnold Palmer, who played well at 212, Charles Hammond, Doug Ford and Mike Sorenson at 213 would have to make up five. The rest of the field, to all intents and purposes, was too far back for real consideration.

THE NEW CHALLENGE

Hogan was the first of the contenders to tee off on Sunday afternoon. He was off at 2:55, four twosomes in front of Casper. His immediate weather but must have reminded him more of Casper's and the 1934 British Open than any round he has played in our championship. The skies were over gray and a cold Novemberish wind that reached 10 miles an hour in some of its gusts was blowing out of the north, dead against the players on the first four holes. On the first three holes Ben hit five classical wood shots. On the first, 442 yards long, he split the fairway with his drive and smashed a low four-wood onto the green, hole-high and about 20 feet to the left of the pin. (He two-putted for his par.) On the 418-yard second, he also needed 18 strokes to get home and did so handsomely by ripping a left-to-right spoon some 50 feet past the pin. (Again he two-putted for his par.) He hit another gorgeous four-wood through the wind and onto the narrow green on the 217-yard 3rd. Here, though, he took three putts from 35 feet. He went over par again on the 4th, 415 yards long, when he again needed a wood for

continued on page 58

RELIEF AND JOY expressed Billy and his wife Shirley when the victory was official.

SKY-HIGH FOR KANSAS

Kansas went all-out for the National Collegiate track and field championship, and its crackerjack team won big

by **TEX MAULE**

THE University of Kansas, led by versatile athletes like Ernie Shalton, *Shalton*, whose leap against the Nebraska sky, gave him first place in the broad jump and who finished third in the high hurdles and fifth in the hop, step-and-jump, won the National Collegiate track and field championship last weekend at Lincoln in a two-day meet studded with bizarre and unlikely happenings.

The odd things started Friday afternoon during the qualifying heats. Jack Yerman, a strong but nearsighted quarter miler, ran off his lane on a turn, finished the race a lane inside and, although he won his semifinal heat easily, was disqualified. A little while later, a half miler named Bert Gilbreath was still stripping his sweat clothes off when the gun sounded for the start of his heat. Gilbreath shed his sweat pants rapidly and took off up the track. He caught the field about 150 yards from the start, but this opening sprint was too much for him and he failed to place.

In the 400-meter hurdle trials half of the six-man field in the second heat failed to finish as hurdles toppled like bowling pins. Dick Howard, who may be the United States' best in this event by the time the Olympic Games roll around, was jacked out of his lane by a toppling competitor, ran around the staggered hurdle in the lane next to his and then returned to his own lane to finish and win the heat. This was fair enough, but Howard was momentarily disqualified. When the disqualified Howard was announced, the disgraced Howard collapsed the nearest judge. "Man," he said, "let's straighten the thing out." Howard was reinstated.

The mishaps which marred the second day of the meet, when the finals were run, were not so funny. Ray Norton of San Jose State, who is one of

the finest sprinters in the world, was disqualified in the 100-yard dash. The disqualification was fair; twice Norton sprung out of his blocks before the starter's gun sounded. On Ray's second break the starting judge said, "That's all, Norton." The tall, slender sprinter kicked his sweat pants, lying on the mark behind his starting blocks, and walked silently away. He walked a few steps and then lay down on the grass beside the track and cried. He lay there, crying, while the race was run. Kansas' Charlie Tidwell won in a wind-aided 9.3 seconds, and he didn't move when Stanford Coach Payton Jordan knelt beside him to comfort him. When he finally got up, he walked off and sat alone until it was time for him to run the 400-yard dash. In this race he crouched quietly in his blocks until the field got away ahead of him. Then, running with a smooth, long-reaching gait, he caught the other runners in the stretch and won easily.

SHOOTING AND THE GUN

Only then would Ray Norton talk to anyone. "No, I don't feel much better now," he said. "I wanted that one so much. I didn't want anyone to get the jump on me. That second time I saw someone move and I lit out. I sure wanted to win."

Tidwell, who was next to Norton in the 100, said, "It was all my fault. I guess I twitched and I pulled Ray off. I didn't mean to."

"I guess it was just youthful eagerness," said Norton's coach, Bud Winter. "It looked like a miracle was in the making and Ray was anxious. It wasn't the starter's fault."

The miracle Winter was referring to was the strong showing of the San Jose State team, which had been regarded as a fairly remote dark horse in this meet. Until Norton's disqualifi-

cation in the 100, San Jose had been close on the heels of Kansas. It finished second, with 48½ points, to Kansas' 73. Houston, fielding an international team of two Americans, one Polish refugee and a Canadian, was a surprisingly good third with 38 points.

Probably the most courageous of the competitors at the meet was Houston's John Mary, the Polish refugee. Mary attempted an almost impossible double by entering the 3,000-meter steeplechase and the three-mile run. He might have won both except that he was spiked on the first water jump in the steeplechase, cutting a deep, three-inch gash along the outside of his right ankle. He won that race anyway, with his right shoe full of blood, and later, with the gash stitched up and bandaged, he stayed close until the last lap of the three-mile run and finished third. "It hurt some," he said, "but I worry more that my leg was not hurting right. My running got worse." He touched his thigh. "I could not run properly."

Elias Gilbert added to the streak of mishaps when he fell over the eighth hurdle in the 120-yard high hurdles. He fought to retain his balance, then dove headlong through the ninth hurdle. Gilbert was running second to Eastern Michigan's James Jones when he fell, and it is not likely that he would have caught Jones in any case, but later in the meet he had to withdraw from the 220-yard low hurdles on which he holds the world record because of the accident, though he was not seriously hurt.

Jones, a long-legged runner who skirts over the hurdles as easily as a boy jumping a curb, won the high in 13.6 seconds, then outspiked Tidwell to win the low in 22.5 seconds. Tidwell, who runs the long curve of this race better than any other hurdler in the world, led as the field came around into the stretch. But Jones, who takes the hurdles better on the

and finished second.

BOARING SYMBOLICALLY through air in broad jump, Kansas star Ernie Shalton leapt high. He got 18 points in meet.







CATCH AS CATCH CAN

THIS BORNA, then some bounding off the bat of Yogi Berra in Yankee Stadium one day last week, meant a lot to those in the right field who saw it coming their way. To two girls nervously hugging the edge of the Yankee bullpen, and to Victor Rindley, Stacker's handler, it meant a home run for their favorite pitcher. To a small boy sitting behind the left-field fence, it meant a chance to see the game in his life. And to the men in the right it was a chance to witness a resetting lady. But to Wilfred Horning, who plays right field for the Kansas City Athletics, it was an other good time to prove that the Yankees are not idle. With a mighty leap he made his pitch, released Berra at a home, caught the pitch and signaled "Yes!" Ford Thord Johnson (that's another Ted, but not one of the best baseball players of the year, this one) naturally for Horning, catching class was not the obvious

going applied here. In fact with a reach against the catcher's mitt and had to be careful of the long Yankee-Linn monumental Kansas City skyline all over again as the two girls hit. That's right, back a parallel ball's path, home run team hit. Berra, after both and, finally, eyes and ear was watching, closed to a spot where left her from the field's stadium, a remarkable feat, a remarkable feat. And the amazing aspect of his pitcher's season played right in a 500-foot vertical yard was up the Linn's second seat from the stadium's front row to keep playing, otherwise, it was the greatest catch in the stadium since the great by Halligan caught the ball of the stadium. Said Yankee GM Mel Langabe: "This right little was done in the greatest catch in the history of the game." Bill Storer, with Yogi Berra's catching, was not the only





SPECTACLE

Photographed by Pierre Bachelot

Hairpins in the Clouds

UP IN THE CLOUDS on the devilish hairpins of Italy's Sestene Pass, still snow-covered in early summer, an entrant in Europe's famous Alpine Rally scurries toward the top. As this photograph and those on the following pages indicate, the Alpine is at once a breathtakingly beautiful tour (if the contestants have time to look up from the road) and an immensely difficult test of drivers and machines. The British journalist Denis Jenkinson has written of the acute surprise of motorists encountering a rally car "coming round a hairpin on its door handles." Starting at Marseille and winding its way through the French and Italian Alps for six days, this event has produced an adventurous breed of competitors, and more than 50 of them will be out in force again next week—June 23-28—for a dice in the mountains, with a stopover at Monza for speed tests.

Next week's Alpine Rally will again pit hardy cars and drivers against a vicious terrain



Alpine troops flank out of the rampaging Prospekt at central point on Italy's Gardena Pass. Of the women contractors (dressed in slacks) was one who had expected a trophy was outraged when she received only an ashtray as prize.

Cherry link of the State's shows the law and common roadside barriers, from which this particular Triumph is keeping a careful distance. A few hair-raising encounters with animal materials occur during race, but most roads are clear.

Igible sense of national history may be lost on this driver-navigator team. They have a sense of duty behind them as they avoid along this narrow, unpaved road toward some cattle which are feeding on lush green Italian hillsides.





Overcome the limitations of the most delightful section of one of Europe's most beautiful roads at high speed. Your figure of 80 mph is not just a number. It's a statement of your car's performance. It's a statement of your car's performance. It's a statement of your car's performance.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

What Price Glory?

With Little League Baseball Week currently a matter of national observance, we pass on a story that has just reached us from a correspondent in New Orleans.

A Little Leaguer's mother, the dispatch goes, turned up at the field just in time to see her son being triumphantly carried off the field on his teammates' shoulders.

"Oh," she inquired proudly, "did Jimmy win the game for you-all today?"

"Now," grumbled her source, "I won it. They're carrying him because he's the lightest."

Crowds at Winged Foot

A light breeze was murmurous in the ancient elms overhead, the summer grass lightsome and elastic underfoot, and behind 12 miles of red-white-and-blue nylon rope, the spectators at Winged Foot at the National Open were making golfing history. The rope was stretched tautly along broad rippling fairways and around edged emerald greens; the spectators either trudged along outside, following their favorites, or they settled themselves around the greens to wait for the contenders to come up. There had never been so many of them at a National Open before: 14,000 on each of the first two days, 16,000 on the third despite the rain and 10,000 more on the unscheduled, unforeseen postponement Sunday.

They made a far-reaching spectacle of themselves. They were good-tempered and quiet-spoken and in general dressed in sport clothes of vivid and celebratory hues; seen across the berried and sandy grounds, the gallery of 5,000 or so following Ben Hogan looked consistently decorative, as if someone had planted them

there. When the weather turned sour on the last two days they turned out in foul-weather garb and defied the wind to blow.

Smaller galleries of a few hundred followed other favorites. From time to time short, spirited, temperate shouts arose. But there was a share of applause for everyone. The most hopeless plodder, with no gallery at

all, might find his scrambling iron shot from the rough enthusiastically greeted by some old gentleman in shorts sitting under a tree in a deserted grove; somewhere or other there was always someone clapping his hands. The sound was frail, cheerful, human, the reverse of the roar of the crowd. Every New York paper

continued

COURT REFUSES TO STOP THE FIGHT

—Headline



"All right now, let's turn the gloves over to Floyd and Juganor and let them settle it."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

wrote of Winged Foot's crowds, The Mirror's Dan Parker said, "Don't be sure, until you've seen the crowd at Winged Foot, what our national pastime is."

Now in the summer of 1929, when Bobby Jones won the Open at Winged Foot, there were newspaper references to "his enormous gallery in a frenzy of excitement." And how large was that gallery? It ranged from 160 on the second day, when a down-pour reduced the crowd, to 3,000. The actual records of Winged Foot were destroyed in a fire, and there are contradictions in the contemporary published accounts, but the total attendance for the first day was estimated at 3,800, around 4,000 for the second before the rain and around 3,000 each day thereafter.

For that matter, Mamaroneck, N.Y., where Winged Foot is located, didn't pay much attention to golf in 1929. Its population then didn't equal Ben Hogan's gallery last week. It was a quiet village on Long Island Sound where a fair number of theatrical people lived and where the movie *Birth of a Nation* had been filmed. Winged Foot became famous with Bobby Jones's triumph in the 1929 Open, one of the great legends of

American golf. Nobody knows exactly how many people watched the now-famous 12-foot putt at the 18th hole on the final round that gave him a tie with Al Espinosa and his chance in the playoff. Sometimes the accounts suggest that the watchers that



day are also to descendants of the Mayflower; but there could have been at most only a few hundred. The crowd at Winged Foot last week indicated how greatly golf has revived American interest since that day, with neither sport nor crowd declining in quality as a result.

Two for One

FRANK FRICK confirmed last week what most everybody already knew: for the first time since 1933 there will be not one but two All-Star games this summer. The second game—and the fact is a glimmering tribute to the 50,000 Angelenos who turned out with folding money last

month to watch the junketing Yankees—will be played in the twilight of August 3 in the Los Angeles Coliseum. Set at a respectable 37-day distance from the first All-Star Game, to be played on July 7 in Pittsburgh, it should, with the help of TV and radio donations, net the major league participants in the neighborhood of \$400,000. And that, after all, said Mr. Frick, was the intention in a nutshell.

Pressure for holding the second game came from the players themselves, who hope to gain something substantial for their pension fund. The extra money, 60% of the net, is supposed to be used to help discharge heavy, pressing commitments to the so-called "back service" players who contributed little or nothing to the 12-year-old pension fund before retiring—although the players themselves still have to satisfy this benevolent plan, and skepticism point to a remark by Yankee Bob Turley the other day as grounds for keeping fingers crossed. Said Turley: "We are not letting anybody tell us where any of the 60% is going. It is for us to say." The major league club owners, who endorsed the second game at their Columbus, Ohio meeting last month, are committed to splitting their 40% of the take over the minor and juvenile leagues.

None of this, of course, has set well with everyone concerned. Some of the owners objected and voted along with their fellows in Columbus only because they were in the minority ("I'm going to advocate two Christmases," growled the Orioles' Paul Richards). Some players, too, have found fault and argued that if two All-Star games are better than one, three are better than two. Even Frick has reservations.

"I don't even say I'm in favor of a second game," says Frick. "I don't know yet, and that we're trying it this year is by no means a commitment to continue it next year. Maybe, as some are saying, we will dilute the whole idea of an All-Star Game, so we'll watch and see. But I'm pretty sick and tired of these guys who say we're doing it only for money and think they have something

They Said It

JOE ECKHOE, *Cleveland Indians manager, ditch-swinging a slump-ridden Rocky Colunzio home before the right fielder slugged four home runs in a single game: "Somebody's printed a rumor that you're being traded. It's a phony. I'd never trade you. I wouldn't trade you anywhere. But if you don't want hitting, I'll send you back to Reading."*

BEN HOGAN, *asked if there was any particular moment during the National Open when he felt settled: "Gee. When I ran out of cigarettes."*

PAUL RICHARDS, *Orioles manager, as Pitcher Billy Loes (who has performed beautifully for Baltimore since Richards unsuccessfully tried to trade him) after Billy's latest hustle with a photographer: "All artists have their contrivances. Some throw their paint brushes and mops, some push a photographer's cap down over his face. But make no mistake, they're both artists."*

JOHN NETHERTON, *dean of students at the University of Chicago, adding his voice to the rising sound of admiration for collegiate football at the Midway: "I feel that football has a unique value as a spectator sport in this country. A college ought to give a student access to this experience."*

Everybody expects baseball to give aid to the retired players and to give aid to the minors. But that takes money. And that, damn it, is what is behind this second All-Star Game. It's for money."

There are, to be sure, two things left for those still opposed. They are not, for one thing, obliged to attend or watch. And if it rains in Los Angeles on August 3 the game will not be postponed, it will be canceled. Since 1877, however, the total rainfall in Los Angeles on August 3 has measured a scant .02 inches.

Skorzen of the Month

BECAUSE of his daily multi-cup consumption of tea, Bill Skorzen, New York Yankee first baseman, was ceremoniously named Athlete of the Year last fall by the Tea Council of America (31, Oct. 27). Now, then, was that compatible with



the news released the other day that Bill Skorzen has been named Yankee of the Month by a New York milk institute?

No conflict of interests at all, said Skorzen, because "the milk reward is far how well you play, not how much you drink." As a matter of fact, he added, he takes his tea with lemon.

Soul-Searching

NOT SINCE 1922 have Britons engaged in such soul-searching. The current crisis: Having lost both the Walker Cup and the Amateur to foreigners, what can Britain do about the shattered state of British golf? Inevitably, valuable Henry Cotton had an opinion and a solution; inevitably, also, Cotton's opinion was supported and challenged in the bottom column of the august London Times.

The first letter, under the title "Larger Golf Ball," was published June 2:



"Instead of 'tees,' let's say 'tees.'"

To the Editor of the Times:
Sir,

[Mr. Cotton] said that to bridge the current gap between British and American golf there was one prime move to make. We should at once adopt the larger ball . . . in Britain. [Cotton observed] that ever since the Americans themselves took this course in the 1920s they have gradually pulled away from us. As I understand it Mr. Cotton's contention is that the larger ball demands of the first-class player greater accuracy of hitting, while on or near the green it tends to promote a method of striking which of itself leads to greater efficiency and confidence. . . . If the larger ball is the answer . . . surely there is a case for adoption.

Yours faithfully,
P. H. Lucas
House of Commons

Six days later came a rebuttal from a golf ball manufacturer:

Sir,

. . . From Mr. Lucas's letter the public might be under the impression that Americans [in the British Ama-

teur] played the American-size ball. Both [finalists] played the British-size ball and, in fact, at least six of the American Walker Cup team did the same. . . . Concerning Mr. Cotton, we admit that he is an expert at the art of striking the ball, but even he always plays a British-size ball in British tournaments, although it is perfectly legal for him to play the larger ball if he so wishes. The facts concerning a golf ball are that those in the British size and weight are much easier to control in the wind. . . . To produce the perfect ball so far as flight is concerned, it could be slightly heavier.

Yours faithfully,
A. E. Perfield, Managing Director
Golf Ball Developments Limited

Two days later, striding slightly away from the original problem, another M.P. weighed in:

Sir,

Referring to the recent correspondence about the size of golf balls, no mention was made of their velocity. I understand that in the United States

(continued)

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

maximum velocity is 250 feet a second (with) no minimum. In (Britain) only minimum size and maximum weight are restricted. . . . I am out, of course, suggesting a return to the gutter ball, but it would pay players of Ryder and Walker Cup class, who are as accurate from 120 yards as from 10, to sacrifice some loss of distance . . . in exchange for some putts dropping which would otherwise lip the hole. This would be the result with less lively balls of lower velocity than those at present used.

Yours faithfully,
Charles MacAndrew
House of Commons

Finally on June 11, came this pity and to the dispute:

Sir,

Surely we do not want to use bigger balls. Bigger holes, yes.

Yours faithfully,
A. H. J. Diamond
19 Kingsley Avenue, West Ealing

Five Names to Remember

ONE of the unforgettable nights of the past decade in trotting was Scott Frost in the stretch for home, skimming the track surface in his low-gaited shuffle, betraying no mark of effort to account for his unbelievable speed. And in the sulky, the wiry, tight-lipped Joe O'Brien, rocking from side to side in rhythm with each stride of his great trotter. Together, these

two blazed a memorable trail of victory on the raceways of both coasts and through the traditional Grand Circuit, including the only capture of trotting's Triple Crown—the Hambletonian and the Yonkers and Kentucky futurities.

The other day a visitor to the faded mile track at Goshen, N.Y., the scene of Scotty's Hambletonian victory, could only gaze in astonishment as he watched O'Brien circle the clay mile behind, successively, five apparent carbon copies of the Scott Frost of 1885. For this is the year that Scotty's first offspring will be going to the races, and Joe has five of the champion's sons and daughters in training at Goshen for 2-year-old debuts later in the season.

All have inherited a great deal from their sire, in gait, conformation and personality. They have the long hip, the deep chest and girth; on the characteristically low-gaited trot their hind legs also flash out to the side instead of straight back. But most of all, they have Scotty's playful, cheerful approach to the life of a race horse. "You can tell," O'Brien says, "when the horse in front of you is feeling good. These always do. They never sulky, never lay their ears back and refuse to do what you ask. They're willing, usable horses, like Scotty. This crop is really the big test for Scotty as a sire, because none of the mares of these youngsters had real breeding. If they turn out to be good race horses all the credit belongs to him."

The last is only partly true; much of the credit will be Joe O'Brien's. In all of trotting today, with its emphasis on racing aged horses at the night pari-mutuel plants, there are regrettably only a bare handful of superior trainers of colts. Del Miller, Johnny Simpson, Ralph Baldwin—among the oldtimers, Fred Egan. And Joe O'Brien. They combine sheer horsemanship with the infinite patience required in schooling young, gaited horses.

O'Brien skill and Scott Frost blood will be a strong entry in this year's 2-year-old stakes. You might like to make a note of these five names: Pal Joey, Spring Frost, Miss It, Summer Fun, Fann Ruler.

JOB FOR JOE FRIDAY

AMERICA's most famous cop is Lieutenant Joe Friday of the Los Angeles Police Department. Friday, unlike other celebrated cops, private and public, is not concerned with little gray cells, hot-house orchids or shapely, wine-cocking secretaries. He just wants the facts, ma'am, and within 30 minutes (including breaks for commercials) he's got them and his man. Friday, alas, is but a solemn actor named Jack Webb on a TV show named *Dropout*. The Los Angeles Police Department could certainly have used Joe Friday last week to find out what really happened to Jackie Leonard.

Leonard is the boxing promoter at the Hollywood Legion Stadium who said he was slugged in his garage on the night of June 3 because he did not comply with the mob's attempts to run themselves in on Welterweight Champion Don Jordan (81, June 15). And on June 4 the Los Angeles chief of police, William H. Parker, emphatically agreed with Leonard. It was, he said, "a blueprint" of a mob job—it proved what he had been saying all along about the Mafia. Then one day last week Chief Parker reviewed his script in a fashion that would have made master-of-fact Joe Friday consider firing his writers.

Without notifying either the U.S. Attorney or the Los Angeles district attorney who had organized grand jury hearings as a result of his previously positive pronouncements about the source of Jackie's predicament, Chief Parker released a statement to the press which would justify use of the misadramatic word "bombshell" to describe its effect on the local scene.

"We have carefully assessed and evaluated all known available facts," Chief Parker announced guardedly. "It is the considered and unanimous opinion of our investigating officers assigned to this case that the physical facts fail to support the probability that Mr. Leonard was subject



One Down, with Mustard

Fearing the home run hitter's whack, they wave the outfield farther back. Devil, a hot dog in his hands, the center fielder's in the stands.

—ARTHUR WILK



Los Angeles Police Chief William H. Parker (right) and the intrepid Joe Friday (Jack Webb) are old collaborators in detective drama; the Chief has won TV awards as a *Detective* technical adviser.

to assault as originally reported.

"It now appears that Mr. Leonard suffered some acute physical incapacitation of a stunning nature that produced an illusion of assault. In light of the known threats to his physical well-being, it is easy to understand the basis for such an erroneous impression."

"Thus, there has been experienced a most amazing coincidence that is literally 'one for the books.' This development will not alter the activities of law enforcement agencies in relation to the other phases of the ongoing inquiry."

And thus, with one studiously elliptical, astonishing, medico-legal statement, the police have, it seems, closed the book on "one for the books." But Jackie Leonard, nevertheless, still says, "I was hit."

The apparent foundation for Chief Parker's new conclusions are as follows:

First, Leonard should have suffered more severe injuries: Leonard's doctors say that their tests showed cerebral damage and partial paralysis of the right side. But five or six days after Leonard was admitted to the hospital, Chief Parker sent Dr. Charles F. Sebastian around to see him. Dr. Sebastian, who for years has

been running the police receiving hospital and has seen multitudes of accident cases, was at pains to point out that he did not examine Leonard, merely observed him. "I did not want to violate the privacy of the patient," was his excuse. Dr. Sebastian's conclusion, as reported to the Chief, was that he did not believe there was sufficient visible injury to produce the symptoms complained of by Leonard.

Leonard says that Sebastian talked to him "in maximum of two minutes. He looked at the scratch on my back and my nose and that's all." In addition, Dr. Sebastian, according to Leonard and one of his doctors, did get permission to examine Leonard fully and was offered his neurological records but did not want to see them.

Second, no witnesses that Joe Friday's real-life counterparts could turn up saw any strangers in Leonard's alley: when Leonard left in his pink Thunderbird to buy newspapers, candy bars and cigars on the night of June 3 he had dismissed his police guard but had told the neighborhood crowd that he would leave two floodlights lit illuminating his backyard and swimming pool; if the lights went out, it would be a signal he needed help.

WITNESS WITH A SPRAY GUN

Detectives located one witness, a neighbor who was painting his fence with a spray gun by the light of a street lamp, who saw Leonard's Thunderbird return. The witness also noticed a yellow Chevrolet and a plumber's red pickup truck, both of which the police have accounted for; nothing else. The witness said he noticed nothing more until the ambulance pulled up to take Leonard to the hospital. But then, a spray gun makes considerable noise, and the witness had to make frequent trips up the alley and through his backyard fence to change the location of his compressor.

Leonard's wife Jeanne said she was out in front watering the lawn when she saw Leonard drive up. She, too, said she saw no one else.

As Leonard garaged his car he said he noticed that the floodlights were off. A young girl who was studying across the alley thinks she saw the reflections of the floods in a tree in Leonard's backyard but does not remember the time.

If Leonard was attacked by hoodlums, they would have had to enter the garage as Leonard left, go into the backyard and turn off the lights and stand at the rear of his garage awaiting his return. When they heard him park his car and get out to pull the garage door down, they would have had to slip into the garage by a small door in the rear, hit Leonard and then stroll out the opposite end of the alley from where the painter was working. Mrs. Leonard said she entered the house when she saw Leonard drive up so she wouldn't have seen them leave.

Although the police found no one who saw them, nor any useful tire tracks or footprints, this does not mean that the hoodlums weren't there. Leonard's house is walled off by two high fences and neighbors cannot see what occurs behind them. It is possible that hoodlums could have parked their car a block or two away, proceeded unnoted on foot and hit the same way.

Third, Leonard's first wife said that Leonard had suffered a coronary thrombosis in 1964 and was hospitalized for a week.

But Leonard says that when he had the heart attack, "I began to get terrible pains in my chest . . . I had nothing like that this time. No pains in the chest and the EKG showed no heart damage."

"If Jackie had a stroke," said Dr. Dan O. Kilroy, chairman of the California State Athletic Commission and a physician, "all medical history shows that he would slowly slump to the ground. But in this case our evidence shows that his face was scratched and bruised; he had a bad bruise at the back of his head; his lips were pulled out to twice normal size and he had an injured side. In all my experience in the medical profession, I never heard of a man being injured that way from a stroke."

The bump on Leonard's head is less noticeable now, though he still suffers partial facial paralysis. What hit him? Two men, says Leonard, and one of them Leonard remembers hearing say, "Let's go," as Leonard sank.

An illusion, says Chief Parker after studying the head in his dragnet. But even the chief acknowledges the threats to Leonard's life. Next week a grand jury convenes in Los Angeles to investigate those threats.

8800

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

HARVARD PAINTS THE THAMES CRIMSON

ON THE MORNING of the 84th Harvard-Yale Rowing Regatta at New London, Conn., last Saturday, Harvard Coach Harvey Love looked up at the lowering overcast and uttered a heartfelt wish. "I only hope," he said worriedly, "that the weather allows for a good race. When a crew trains hard and well, no one who loves racing wants to see the boys compete under poor conditions."

For a few hours the doubt hung there. Heavy thunderstorms and strong winds swept the river during most of the afternoon, let up a bit and then struck with particular intensity just before the varsity contest. But after a 40-minute delay the rain turned into a light drizzle, the wind eased and the Thames became almost smooth. As thousands watched from both sides of the river, from some 200 craft on the water and from a 14-car observation train, the shells were ordered to the stake boats. Coach Love had got his wish, or at least as much of it as he could hope for.

Harvard, on the strength of its

HARVARD GULL takes the lead from the start in 84th regatta with Yale at New London. And Crimson kept it all the way.





unknown season and its victory last month in the Eastern sprint championships (in which Yale placed third for its only defeat), was the postcard favorite. What Yale had going for its hopes was a certain tradition (it had won the last five regattas, and an uncertain distance—neither crew had yet proved itself over anything like the regatta's four-mile course).

"We broke off fast," said Barrow Peake, the senior coxswain of Harvard's sophomore-studded crew. "We settled at a cadence of 30⁺, and had a half-length lead after the first half mile. The crew was doing nicely, digging the blades deep, and we opened our lead to two lengths at the two-mile marker. Since we held the lead, we played it safe. We purposely went down to 28 to avoid the chance of making a mistake.

"With about a mile and a half to go, I heard the Yale cox yell, 'This is our bid,' I said to the crew, 'Let's take their bid and make it ours,' and called for a 29⁺. We kept moving out and with a mile to go were about three lengths ahead. Then we raised it to 30⁺, and for show we did the last 20 strokes at 33."

Ahead all the way, Harvard finished two and a half lengths ahead of Yale, was clocked in 15:52 in completing its first unbeaten season since 1942. But the Crimson's season is not quite over. Next month Harvard's crew will forsake Connecticut's Thames for England's, where it will compete in the Royal Henley Regatta.

For Coach Loom, thoroughly exhausted but quietly happy, the Henley is still another occasion for a wish. "After a couple of days off," he said, "I hope we'll be able to start training again."

Photographed by John Child



BOSTON'S PETE BARNES (LONG HANDS FOR BEGINNERS) MILKS PAUL IN CHICAGO CONTEXT

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

COWMANSHIP A LA VEECK

NOT TOO LONG AGO the spectacle of a second baseman milking a cow in the middle of a double-header would have been considered, well, utterly ridiculous. But for those who have been taking their good Veeck with the bad at Cleveland, St. Louis and Chicago, it was an acceptable and commonplace as right ball or a second All-Star game. There are those Story Traditionalists, of course, who refuse to be coaxed by White Sox President Bill Veeck's sidekick, who accuse him of demeaning, yea, talking, what they call, devoutly, the National Pastime.

A pastime, however, is that which amuses or makes time pass agreeably. Or as Veeck himself said the other day: "We can't always guarantee the ball game is going to be good. But we can guarantee the fan will have fun even if the game isn't so hot."

With that Veeck plucked a hairy fat into a box behind his desk and brought out a can of fried grasshoppers.

"What do you think," he asked, "a guy would do with 500 cans of this stuff?" The question was coincidental at the moment, but before long some lucky White Sox fan will be presented with 500 cans of assorted fried grasshoppers, chocolate-covered Colombian ants and roasted caterpillars.

One might wonder why Veeck persists in donating doubtfully useful prizes. "You give a radio or a TV set or what?" he explained. "What does that do for the imagination?" Nothing. If I give him 50,000 nuts and bolts (he has) that gives everybody something to talk about."

If Veeck has his way, people are going to be talking about the pitcher who arrived at the mound in an armored car, the new White Soxer who came to by indolence. "The antagonist could be going over the lines up and then he'd say, 'Just a minute, there's a new man, and here he comes ...'" and a laundromat ("The girls could bring their dirty

laundry to the ball park and take it home clean").

Veeck has been stunting alone all these years (outside exceptions: the Dodgers' sad experiment with the sad clown, but last week Kansas City posed him in the muckkathen, which celebrated Dirty Week). It may be a sign of more colorful things to come, for Veeck has a fire-dandy which should be a natural for the Indians or the Milwaukee Braves, who have dropped some 200,000 in attendance this year. "Get a representative of every Indian tribe," advised Veeck, "and select an Indian queen."

The Story Traditionalists may say that Veeck has old Abner Doubleday revolving in his grave. If anyone is revolving, it's the Steward as an antiquated 78 rpm. After all, at week's end the Sox were in first place, even if they did finish last in the milking contest, and the turnstiles were revolving at a rate to make cowmanship a profitable business.

END

The
CONTINENTAL
Mark IV



"Elegance implies a precision, a polish and a sparkling"

CONTINENTAL DIVISION - FORD MOTOR COMPANY

WILLIAM HAZLITT



• THE FLY LOON in boxing was instituted by Bill Rosenfeld (at left, photographed by Bert Stern), imaginative promoter of next week's heavyweight title fight, who gambled that the public would pay \$100 for his "red carpet" ringside seats, and won.

PREVIEW

INGO'S RIGHT AND FLOYD'S PEEKABOO IN COLLISION

by MARTIN KANE

FOR THE FIRST time since he won the heavyweight championship of the world almost three years ago Floyd Patterson is about to peek out between his six-ounce gloves at a fighter who has a reasonable chance to beat him. The chance depends almost entirely on his challenger's right hand. Everyone Patterson has fought in recent years—with the possible exception of the great Hurricane Jackson—has hit him with a cold right-hand punch. One of those right-handers, the amateur Pete Rademacher, even knocked the champion down. Conceivably, a really powerful right-hand puncher could knock Patterson out.

The champion's latest opponent knows all this. The new man, with the biggest right hand of them all, is Ingemar Johansson, who used it one chilly, frosty evening in Göteborg, Sweden, to turn the heavyweight ratings and Eddie Machen topay-tarry in a single round. Machen was then the fellow Patterson was supposed to be afraid to fight.

Thanks to that right-hand punch, which has served him well in his 18 professional fights, Johansson became No. 1 contender in all ratings. So, on the night of June 23, he is to meet Patterson at Yankee Stadium before a crowd that will include hundreds

who paid \$100 for a single "red carpet" ringside seat to see the handsome, dimpled Swede make his debut as titl. Such a price has been paid only three times before in heavyweight history—when James J. Corbett beat Peter Jackson in 1891, when Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan in 1892 and when Joe Louis beat Billy Conn the second time in 1945.

This spendthrift crowd will include hundreds who paid even a higher price to be flown across the Atlantic from Sweden in the hope that they may tell their grandchildren that they were there on the night a Swede

named Ingo brought home the emerald, just as a Negro heavyweight named Jack Johnson once made good on a promise to bring home the bacon and so contributed to our language a deathless piece of pith.

The fight will come off despite a mountain of legal obstacles. All were soiled by the paleo-faced young man on your left—Bill Rosenfeld, an Ivy League grad buzzing about in a jungle of Venus-flytraps but relentlessly processing what is only his second heavyweight championship, gambling on it for half a year as something that would make or break

continued on page 32



*'I will jab and jab—
and then...'*

JOHANSSON'S VERSION OF
HOW THE FIGHT COULD GO,
DRAWN BY ROBERT HARR,
FOLLOWS ON PAGES 32-33

BIG FIGHT continued



'... I will use my best punch!'

Johansson's best punch is his straight right hand. "Yes!" he exclaimed when he saw this drawing, in which Patterson is beaten before he can hook to the body. "This is my right! Straight, and so quick you will not see it! It is always good to use the short right when he is coming on. He comes right to it." But Champion Patterson does not come straight on into a punch. He bats, weaves and feints. Still, at some point, Johansson feels, the champion must drop his famed peekaboo guard.

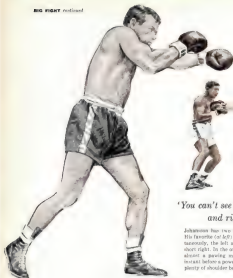
Illustrating Robert Riger



'I can fight with only my jab for 10 rounds. The jab must be straight to have power'

In training, Johansson has concentrated on his jab almost to the exclusion of his right hand. Clearly, he expects to use the left to pile up points while waiting a chance to throw his big right, the right that felled Eddie Machen in one round. "So he will come out with his two hands up on his face," Johansson says, "and I will jab and jab and jab straight and hard and this will do something, this will annoy him and he will do something with his hands."

Continued



'You can't see the time between the left and right. They come together'

Johannson has two versions of his left-right combination. His favorite (at left) has the two fists arriving almost simultaneously, the left a fraction of a second ahead of a fairly short right. In the other version (above) the jab is used with almost a paving motion to confuse the opponent in the instant before a powerful, much longer right is launched with plenty of shoulder behind it to give the punch full authority.



'When Patterson misses—'

"That depends," says Johannson. "I do not know what hand I will use. The main thing is to go on him then." By "going on him" Johannson means moving in close, probably after throwing a punch.



'I must be careful'

Patterson's perhaps defense can sometimes be solved by an uppercut, but Johannson is dubious. "I must really be careful," he says. "If I miss, my hand is up here and he will come to the body."

*'When I get him on the ropes,
I will keep him there'*

Johannson has worked assiduously with sparring partners on this maneuver, which could be a decisive one. Bulling them to the ropes, he tries with left shoulder and left knee to turn them so that they will come off the ropes into the full power of his right hand. But even if Patterson should escape the right he will have been subjected to the firing effects of Johannson's big weight advantage, perhaps as much as 15 pounds. "I try to keep him there (on the ropes)," he says. "It is good for me. It is easy, just lean on him and dig and keep him there and he will get tired. He then faster than me because he must defend himself, try to punch, try to get away, and then he always has the ropes in back and they bother him." Jingo plans to crowd the champion at every opportunity, hoping to get him into this position.



*'I keep my left
foot out when I back'*

Johannson's retreating style permits him to stop instantly and either jab or throw a long overhand right. "If I bring my legs together when I move back I will get too far away from him," he says. He can move backward with great rapidity for such a big man, and demonstrated this during the first minute of the Maehen fight, when he was coolly picking up the American fighter's style, the better to test his speed of foot may well multiply Patterson's speed of hand.



him as a promoter, at first with the role of a crumpier spinning a fixed wheel, later with the aid (and of a sure winner) just been killed. Mercenary-killing news of court actions and boxing commission decisions has been printed about this fight than news of the abilities of the two young men—Patterson, 24, Johansson, 24—who in the end must settle all the issues with their fists.

But, 10 days before the fight, with ticket sales in the lower-priced (up to \$50) seats picking up, Rosenzohn begins to smile again and to foresee a gate of about \$750,000. He begins to make money at \$500,000. The \$100 seats went well from the start.

The fight will not be on home television. Irving B. Kahn of TelePromp-Tex Corporation bought the theater TV, movie and radio rights for \$400,000, then sold domestic radio rights for \$100,000. In addition, the fight will be radioed to Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Cuba and perhaps to Australia and other countries.

Kahn expects record attendance for theater TV, surpassing the previous figure of almost 100,000 viewers set by the large-screen telecast of the second Sugar Ray Robinson-Carmen Basilio fight in March 1958. Close to \$50,000 theater seats will be available for this fight at an average price of \$4.

From any sensible standpoint, the fight is a natural. Whether it goes long or short there should be suspense in every round. No one has yet hit Patterson hard enough to test him truly. No one the champion has met since Archie Moore has been able to punch as hard as Johansson.

The quality of the challenger is what makes an attractive fight when a championship is at stake. Challenger Johansson has attractive fighting and personal qualities. He is a fellow of great social charm, and at the same time he is an excellent businessman. He is pleasantly aware that the title he seeks is worth, to pluck a good round figure out of the potential, a million dollars. That is a lot of money to a Swedish boy who once worked as a street laborer. Ingo is about to go after the million.

But the road he has taken toward it has been a topic of dispute ever since he set up camp a few weeks ago in a \$100,000 cottage near Grossinger's famous Catskill Mountains hotel, a resort of luxury and pleasure that contrasts, like the personalities



THE JOHANSSONS' FAMILY. Mrs. Patterson, Sweden, 2, last on the right is with the baby, and the two girls are Johansson's at their Long Island home.

and fighting styles of the two prize-fighters, with Patterson's characteristically Spartan domicile—a tiny, grimy room just off the gymnasium—at Eban's Training Camp in Chatham Township, New Jersey.

In Ingo's exceptionally simple home are his parents, his pretty fiancée, his brother, his sister-in-law and his best brother's fiancée, Patterson. On the other hand, lives sternly in the same room as his mother, Dorset Watson, Johansson's elegant and dancing, jelling, swimming and a very occasional nightclub show. Patterson, on the other hand, likes to play a little black-jack, and, Co-trainer Warren, and whenever she might drop in, or an evening, Patterson has left camp to visit his dentist. Johansson has left camp to appear on television programs (for money, you may be sure) and, with his fiancée, Birge Lundgren, make a movie (rightly or wrongly). He likes, very occasionally, to dance and to listen to the comedies at Grossinger's Terrace Room.

Now might get from this, and some

have, the impression that Johansson is not training seriously. Those closest to him—among them the very skilled Whitey Blumstein, who shares training responsibilities with Nels Henderson, Johansson's Swedish trainer—now half inclined to think quite the opposite—that Ingo may be training too hard, although Whitey expresses local admiration for the challenger's persistence and dedication.

"He trains like the oldtimers," Whitey said one afternoon while Ingo was exchanging spartans with his customary long routine in the gym. "The oldtimers loved their work and so does this fellow. I can remember Johnny Dundee having 20 rounds at Stillman's Gym because he felt he was learning something every round. Who does that nowadays?"

Still, Whitey wishes Ingo would lay off a trifle on days when it is very hot. "But if it is a hot night at Yankee Stadium?" Ingo asks. He has been studying the torrid climate that often strikes New York in late June and wants to be ready for it.

Johansson does, in fact, train with the body-punishing dedication of a Rocky Marciano, who also trained at Grossinger's, and went very far on strength alone. Where Patterson runs 2½ to five miles, Johansson runs six. Where Patterson boxes four rounds, Johansson boxes six or seven. And where Patterson contents himself with a few rounds of bag-punching and rope-skipping, Johansson adds his own extraordinary Swedish calisthenics and at least two rounds of punching on a strange contraption, a Swedish girl's slingshot, which is normally hurled in girlish imitation of the hammer throw. Suspended from a bang board by its 18-inch strap handle, it is much harder to hit consistently than the ordinary speed bag, which moves with a swift but definite rhythm. The slingshot moves with the approximate speed and unpredictability of an opponent's bobbing, weaving head. Johansson's reflexes are being trained, in other words, to catch Patterson's head going east with a Johansson punch going west. The very first of the three Marben knock-downs proved the value of this device, invented by Trainer Rönberg and perfected by Johansson. Iago caught Marben with a right that landed to the temple and, as Marben was falling, picked up his head again with a sharp left hook. Marben continued on down.

There is, of course, a sensible reason for the difference in the training methods of Patterson and Johansson. The champion weighed only 132½ pounds for his fight with Brian London on May 1. In training he has dropped at times to as little as 179, just four pounds above the light heavyweight class. And, as his trainer, Dan Florio, argues, "what Patterson puts into one round of boxing or bag-punching is worth three rounds by another fighter." In boxing, especially, Patterson goes almost all out against his sparring partners. His madwork is over rugged, hilly terrain. Aiming to come to the weigh-in scales at 182, Patterson must not give away more than 14 pounds to a natural 196-pounder. His training has concentrated on speed, power and sharpness, and maintenance of enough poundage so that he will have something to take off in the ring.

As to the nightclubbing of Johansson, it has been an innocent and almost certainly harmless diversion, by no means to be compared to the champagne-swilling of Harry Greb.

Johansson has limited himself to ordinary soft drinks and a little Swedish sha-cha-cha.

"Most nights I get to bed by 10 or 11 o'clock," he says, "but if I have slept in the afternoon it is very hard to get to sleep so early at night."

"So I must have a little fantasy. I went to the Hawaiian Room after I was on the Steve Allen show and I had so much fun watching the Hawaiian dancers. A little fantasy is good for me, you know."

HAPPY SPARRING PARTNERS

He has also enjoyed the fantasy of the comedians at Grossinger's, the dancing and a little repartee with the crowd. But he has not been to bed later than one a.m. and that very seldom. He begins his day with a run of six miles. He eats nothing substantial until afternoon when, instead of the usual trainer-approved diet of brodetek, he dips adventurously into a variety of dishes. These consist of whatever he enjoys and he seems to enjoy everything. The orthodox food and vegetables diet of most boxers is not for him. (He has a counterpart in Patterson, who is fonder of pork chops than of steaks.)

"If I don't eat different things my body will miss some things that are good for me," Iago explains. There are dieticians who would agree.

At 4:30 p.m. he is in the ring at Grossinger's ski lodge and sometimes starts boxing immediately without even loosening up. The real dubiousness of his training method is centered in this ring.

He has the happiest sparring partners ever assembled. They are happy because they know Johansson will not hurt them. He has yet to throw that right hand in anger during a sparring session. Instead, he jabs repeatedly with his left and, using his superior body weight, bulls his partners about until he has them on the ropes. There he leans on them and, instead of punching, pushes with his fists. He tries to work them off the ropes into his right hand but the sparring partners quickly learned that trick and push furiously to his left. From time to time he gets hit—especially to the body with left hooks, which are a Patterson specialty—but none of the hired hands wants to hit him very hard. Why spoil a good thing by angering this gentle man?

It is a most unusual way to prepare for a fight but Johansson says

continued

the gin
that
made the
martini
famous

still makes it best
whether you like it
3 to 1 or 10 to 1

The history of the Martini is closely linked with the history of Gordon's Gin. For it was the subtle dryness and delicate flavor of Gordon's Gin that inspired the creation of the Martini . . . and accounted for the subsequent fame of this classic cocktail.

First distilled in 1769, Gordon's Gin is still traditionally distilled for authentic London Dry Gin quality. That's why . . . the Gin that made the Martini famous . . . still makes it best!



© 1979 Gordon's Gin & Tonic Co. Ltd. London, U.K. GORDON'S GIN & TONIC CO. LTD. LONDON U.K.

Tiny transistorized Dictet records on elephant back



Next time you're touring through an elephant park take along a Dictet. Use a Dictet tape recorder. Elephants have no electric connections and a Dictet doesn't need them. It records anywhere.

The Dictet recorder is a precious instrument that works on incredibly powerful mercury batteries, good for 20-plus hours of recording. And it's so remarkably simple to operate that the tiger could use it if he had an extra finger. Transcribe from the Dictet. Type on the Dictet itself.



Just pick up the mike and talk... record radio and field reports, interviews, travel diaries and so on. The Dictet doubles as a playhouse square.

Flasher's leather carrying case gives a robust, fun-loving look. Is fun, too. Write Dictaphone Corporation for more details... or better still, call a Dictaphone representative for a demonstration.



Dictet® BY Dictaphone®

Dictaphone Corporation, Dept. 51488
420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Big Fight continued

he has always used this way in the greenhouse and one method has, after all, made him the undefeated European champion.

He does seem to have a good jab, which is important against Patterson's glowstick, precision guard, and he also has a way of passing the air confidently with his left hand. He showed in the Marston fight that he has an efficient left hook and an excellent straight right. It is apparent that he intends to stay close to Patterson in order to deny the champion punching room, closing in quickly after a succession of jabs and watching always for the chance to throw that big right hand, the punch that could make him champion.

Clearly, he cannot win a 15-round decision against such a superior boxer as the champion. He must knock Patterson out. Can he do it?

PATTERSON BY A SHOCKOUT

It is certainly possible. He did it to Marston, who was underdogged when they met. But it is not the most likely conclusion to this fight.

Patterson, who looked so dreadful against Roy Harris, has begun to march back toward the form he showed the night he knocked out Archie Moore in five rounds. He Brian Johansson beat, which went 11 rounds because Johansson provoked his rival so viciously, until the 10th, did Patterson a world of good. Only actual matches can maintain a good fighter's edge, and Patterson, fighting so arduous, has not lately been the razor-sharp puncher he once promised to be. But in training for this Johansson affair, at times he has shown the good effects of the London heat. He is a better man than he was that night in Iceland and he might even come up to the ring steps on June 25 as good as he was that night he fought Moore.

The youngest contender to win the heavyweight title, Patterson is devoted to proving that he deserves to be ranked with the best of heavyweight fighters. In principle he has the look now of a steady-chewed panther. The speed of his hands, then lost in a long layoff, has begun to come back. What's more, he works these days with a champion's pride.

The prize was touched to the quick a few days ago by an enormous sparring partner named Ed Bangan, a 224-pounder who stands 6 feet 4 inches tall. Bangan arrived into

training camp with no more whatever for Champion Patterson.

"You want me to throw bombs at him?" he asked Trainer Florio.

Florio was indignant.

"What the hell do you think you're being paid for?" he asked. "You throw bombs or you'll be gone out of here before supper."

Bangan threw a bomb, a right hand which landed once again that Patterson can be hit with rights. It did not, like Hademacher's right hand, knock the champion down but it was enough of a shocker to embarrass him, especially since Bangan has fought only as an amateur.

Patterson's response was quick. Working into position, he suddenly threw a combination that ended with a left hook to the jaw. Bangan sagged back across the ring and into the ropes, then slumped to the canvas.

Patterson can, to be sure, be hit with a right hand but anyone who does it must face the consequences. There is not much doubt here that at some time during their fight Ingemar Johansson will make his grand challenge with a big right to Patterson's jaw. It will, perhaps, be the climactic moment of the fight, for on it will hang all the hopes of fans, and the hopes of all the Swedes from Malmö to North Dakota.

But, though Ingemar Johansson is a worthy challenger, deserving of his No. 1 position, Floyd Patterson is a worthy champion, deserving of his title. The odds, which have fluctuated in the 3-to-1 range with surprising consistency, since the fight was announced, seem excessive and may drop shortly before the fight. Wilbur Clark, promoter of Las Vegas' Desert Inn, paid a couple of visits to Johansson's training camp and, with his encouragement, was impressed with both the odds and the Swedish challenger. He announced he had suggested \$10,000 to Johansson at 3 to 1, and would invest somewhat more if the price went higher.

"But," he said, "I think the odds will drop shortly before the fight."

A realistic appraisal of the two fighters would make this seem to be a sensible conclusion. Johansson has better than a 3-to-1 chance.

This is not to quarrel with the prevalent belief that Patterson will win, but only with the oddsmakers. The champion has survived eight hard punches. The chances are that he can, and will, survive Ing's best and, in the end, knock Ing out.

*The fifth edition of an
international classic...
the Chrysler 300-E*



A new sight and sound of motion. Muffled roar of readiness. Blur of action. Low lines flashing. Tires tenaciously holding a turn. Clean length knifing through clear and crisp air. Compact. Confident. This is 300-E adventure! These are the measurements of Chrysler's finest performer:

35-hp V-8 engine, 10.5 to 1 compression ratio, 164 cu. in. displacement, high-output camshaft, 1700 4-speed carburetor, 290 horsepower (2500 rpm), 150 foot-pounds of torque (2000 rpm). Fully automatic 8-speed transmission with torque-converter. Torsion bar front suspension. Power steering, 2" turn lock to lock. Power brakes with 250 sq. in. area. 200 x 14 sports tires—standard.



The international classic

...made in America

'Let me have men about me that are fat . . .'

So wrote W. Shakespeare a few seasons before portly Smokey Burgess reached the majors. And who are the Pittsburgh Pirates to argue with Julius Caesar?

JUST BECAUSE Smokey Burgess is only 6'1½ inches high, not quite twice the length of his own baseball bat, and because he weighs a jolly 187 pounds, some people consider him fat. Well, he is. Dressed in the white home uniform of the Pittsburgh Pirates, he looks a little like a walking laundry bag. Sometimes the sharks on the Pirates rag Smokey about his 38-inch waistline, but the round little catcher

with the size 8½ feet shrugs it off in his pleasant North Carolina way.

"If they get on me," he reasons, "that means they're leaving somebody else alone."

Opponents don't kid Smokey much, however, least of all pitchers. You see, Smokey Burgess is a hitter. To Smokey, hitting is a joy, a marvelously uncomplicated process. The pitcher throws the ball and Smokey hits it

with his bat. He has been hitting often enough to be averaging a lousy .200, second in the National League, and far enough to be a home run threat. It makes little difference who is throwing the baseball or where it is when he starts to swing. Tom Seaver, a Cincinnati pitcher, says: "He doesn't care what you throw up there, just as there's a pitch on the way. I threw to him—too high to be a strike—and he hit it out."

George Biele, as good a hitter as there ever was, now the Pittsburgh batting coach, was discussing Burgess recently.

"I'll admit he isn't very careful,"

continued



THICKEST SMOKEY BURGESS BELIES BULKINESS OF HIS TORSO WITH GRACEFUL WHIST-SWIPPING BASH HITS

Staley argued, "but Smokey doesn't swing as wildly as they say. He has an amazing facility for placing the bat on the ball."

Burgess is especially tough as a pinch hitter. Last month he hit the 10th pinch-hit home run of his career, a major league record. He has hit safely in seven of nine tries this season. One of them, a two-out double in the 10th inning against Cincinnati, gave the Pirates a tremendous lift, for it beat Bob Purkey. Purkey, a former Pirate, had beaten his old team five times without a loss.

"It was the second game of a double-header," Pittsburgh Sports-writer Les Biederman recalls. "Smokey had caught the first game, so he was sitting out the second in the bullpen when Danny Murtaugh called him. Smokey came trotting all the way in, picked up a bat and, still huffing and puffing, stepped to the plate. Purkey threw one pitch—a little outside—and Smokey reached out and stroked it down the left field line. That was the game."

Pitching to Burgess is a headache. There is no accepted method. "The best thing you can do," says Team-mate Harvey Haddix, who threw that "perfect game" in May, "is mix up your pitches."

Perhaps you could get Smokey to

ask for high pitches. It was suggested. "High pitches?" said Haddix. "The higher you throw to him, the farther he'll hit it."

All of them, then, agree that Burgess is a very good hitter. When you ask them about his catching, however, they hesitate. Opinion is varied. His critics are content to remember him as he was during the early '30s, when his right shoulder was still weak from an Army injury. They cite throws to second that bounced just past the pitcher's mound. He was described as a "real observer."

LABELE STICK

Time has healed Smokey's shoulder and there is no doubt that he is a better catcher than he was, but as Joe Garagiola told him, "Once you get that bad reputation, it's hard to lose it."

Baseball people are very defensive when it comes to discussing a player's weaknesses. Ask someone who the best catcher in the National League is, and he may answer, Ed Crandall. Ask him, then, what it is that Crandall does better than Burgess, and he'll say, wait a minute, there's nothing wrong with Smokey as a catcher. Birdie Tophette, who managed Burgess for three years at Cincinnati, admits that Smokey was as good a catcher as Ed Bailey and that the only reason he made Bailey, a

.260 hitter, first-string was that Bailey was younger. The most honest opinion of Burgess as a catcher comes from Burgess himself.

"I'm no Roy Campanella," he says. "Campy could do things I can't. He was always able to keep the ball in front of him. He was quick. When pitchers threw the ball in the dirt to me, it always seems to come off my shin to the left or right. But I'll tell you one thing, I'm not as bad a catcher as most people think."

It might be pointed out that when Harvey Haddix pitched his famous 13-inning game, Burgess caught every pitch.

Apart from trying to keep wild pitches from crossing off his shin, Smokey Burgess has few problems. He is a quiet man and off the field he leads a quiet life. He is religious (he is a Baptist). His tastes are simple. He neither smokes nor drinks. His slick brown hair is receding from his forehead, making his face look as round as a baseball. His eyes are brown, too, and when he smiles the smile starts with the eyes crinkling slightly. His hands are small puffs of meat, so that his baseball fan must have an extremely narrow handle.

Smokey, 32, has been married for 14 years. He and his wife Margaret and their two children, Larry, 13, and Denise, 7, live in Forest City, N.C., during the winter. There Smokey owns a service station, operated by his brother Grady during the season. When Smokey comes home from the wars, he goes right to work pumping gas and greasing cars. Proportioned as he is, he fills the mental picture of a gas station attendant, more readily than he does that of a .340 hitter.

Smokey was not always so straight. As a youth in Carolina, a small cotton mill town in North Carolina, he was lean. The day he was 16 he went to work in the mill to help support his family, for his father was sick and his brothers were in service. He was Foreman Harold Burgess, but folks called him Smokey after his dad, a semipro ballplayer who had been smoke in the late 1920s. Smokey found time to play semipro baseball, and in 1934 he was signed by the Chicago Cubs, mostly, he says, because the Cubs were interested in brother Grady. Grady had great promise, it seems, but he just didn't come to his chance.

After a year in the Pony League, where he hit .325, Smokey, still slim, entered the Army. Ah, the Army!

continued



FAMILY MAN Burgess has his wife Margaret (top, left), 31, daughter Denise, 7, with him in Pittsburgh during baseball season. In winter they live in North Carolina.



This is a picture of the mighty QANTAS Jet!

Starting in August, Qantas 367 jets point service (and what service!)—half way 'round the earth. Across the Atlantic to Europe. Across the Pacific to Australia (Eastward and westward to lands a world away!)

So in the picture above, you'd think we'd put a thousand pounds' worth of luxuries, 1st class. And here below, you'll find a word about the skillness, the smoothness, the serenity of their flight.

But let's hurry—because you don't all that.

Instead, we're showing things you may not know about the Qantas version of this fabulous plane. Things like trays jewelled with crystal candies. And goblets frosted by Australia—pure champagne. And shower boxes filled with cosmetics from 'round the world.

Little things, really. But together, they add up to something bigger than the biggest jet. Something filled with luxury you'll never know is any other flight. That's why we put them in this picture. And starting in August, may we put you in it, too?

QANTAS

Australia's round-the-world luxury line

Service now for Qantas 367 jets serving round the world, and now to Australia, with numerous flights, around the world, every week. For further details, contact Qantas International, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York 17, or the Qantas Travel Service, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York 17. For Qantas 367 jets serving round the world, contact Qantas International, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York 17. For Qantas 367 jets serving round the world, contact Qantas International, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York 17. For Qantas 367 jets serving round the world, contact Qantas International, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York 17.



GILBEY'S GIN



London

Gilbey's Gin is the one gin
distilled in 15 countries
and served around the world

"The world agrees on 'GILBEY'S, please!'"

GILBEY'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 50 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, N.E.A.
GILBEY, LTD., CINCINNATI, O. DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.



BABERALL continued

They made Smokey a postal clerk.

"I ate too much, and I didn't get much exercise," says Smokey. "I'd just hand the boys out their mail."

It was in the Army that he became the Smokey Burgess-baseball starlet. Very round. And when, in 1934, he returned to civilian life, his figure remained Army.

Back in baseball, Smokey hit .387 and .390 in successive seasons in the minors, and in 1943 was brought up to the majors, though it wasn't until 1947 that he struck around for good. Nine times he has played for Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and now Pittsburgh. With Philadelphia in 1954, he hit .268, but he lacked the necessary interest and tenacity for the batting championship. On Cincinnati's powerful 1954 team, Smokey guarded the home run trap gave the Reds a new record, 223 in one season. Last winter two Reds acquired Frank Thomas from Pittsburgh. In return, the Pirates got Dan Hoak, Harvey Haddix, and 187 pounds of Smokey Burgess.

Smokey's weight has never bothered him much, but it has bothered some of his managers. When he was traded to Philadelphia, Steve O'Neill ordered Smokey on a diet. Gladly, Smokey lost weight, down to 171, but then became so weak he could hardly swing the bat. His average looked as though it were on a diet. Reluctantly, the Philadelphia front office let Smokey get back to his normal weight. Up went his average.

When Redie Teddette got his first look at Smokey in a Cincinnati uniform, he was all set to jump on him about his paintings. But every time he saw Burgess, Burgess was working. A week went by with Teddette's guess, ready to drop the hammer. But Smokey was always hustling. One day Smokey came up to Teddette, after practice.

"Redie," he said, "I just want to thank you. You're the first manager who didn't try to get me to lose weight."

Last winter when Smokey signed his contract with Pittsburgh, Teddette stated that he did not want anyone trying to trim him out.

"I told them I'd give them my all, but that if they made me lose weight, I'd be nothing!"

Pittsburgh never said a word. And the way Smokey Burgess is hitting, they probably never will. **END**



LOWEST PRICED AND FULL SIZED, TOO!
FOR WORK 'N' FUN, THIS ONE'S FOR YOU

THE **LARK** PLAY WAGON BY STUDEBAKER

➤ **CAREFREE**—Stands up beautifully, works without complaint, cleans easily (washable vinyl upholstery, long-life Sapphire Super-Enamel finish that needs no waxing) ➤ **CAREFREE SAVINGS**—Cuts repair, insurance and maintenance bills, gives marathon mileage on lowest-cost gas ➤ **CAREFREE DRIVING**—Shorter outside, parks, turns, handles easier. Spirited performance with six or V-8, perfectly powered for high-load hauling ➤ **CAREFREE CARRYING**—Spacious cargo capacity or room for nine, with three children in the optional rear-entry, rear-facing huckle-deck seat. Made-to-take-it interiors, wear-resistant to loads or lads ➤ See your Studebaker Dealer; see this work'n'fun wagon; see how you can have a Lark and save a lot!

Other models—2-Door Sedan, 4-Door Sedan, Hardtop. Automatic transmission optional on all models ➤



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

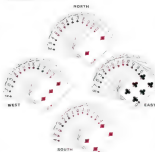
The general takes command

IT SEEMS AS MY old friend, General Alfred M. Gruenther, is widely known as "The Begin," it should come as no great surprise that he is probably the best-qualified bridge player in all those circles connected with his illustrious career.

Indeed, General Gruenther, now president of the American Red Cross and formerly Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, was first accorded a rank equivalent to Supreme Commander by the bridge players. In the early '30s, while still a mere first lieutenant serving as an instructor at West Point, he directed the most important bridge tournaments in this country—and, incidentally, set a standard which has not since been equalled. Despite his martinetlike conduct of their tourneys (or perhaps because of it), Al Gruenther carved out for himself a niche in the respect and affection of bridge players that has never been approached by anyone else.

As for the general's playing skill—well, I for one consider the following sample impressive:

North-South vulnerable
West dealer



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1♠	DOUBLE	1♠	2♠
DOUBLE	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: spade queen

General Gruenther was South and, when his partner managed (by dredging rather deep!) to find the values for a vulnerable takeout double of the spade bid, the general would have had to denote himself several ranks if he had failed to bid the slam in diamonds.

East's nonvulnerable leap in spades was, of course, a desperate effort to forestall drastic enemy action, and it was bad bridge for West to double the slam, despite his feeling that he had three suits pretty well tied up. Far from hurting the declarer, the double could only have a helpful effect by indicating the exact location of the outstanding strength. Still, it is only fair to observe that few declarers would be able to take full advantage of the information as General Gruenther did.

West led the spade queen and, when the anemic dummy was revealed, the general could not be delighted by what he saw. However, in the best tradition of his profession, he settled down for some long-range planning—and with excellent effect.

Waiting no time or entries on trump-drawing, at the second trick declarer led the deuce of hearts. West had to duck or surrender 12 tricks then and there. When dummy's heart queen held, declarer discarded his heart king on North's king of spades. Then he ruffed a heart, starting the elimination of that suit. A trump to the 9 permitted the ruffing away of dummy's last heart, and declarer then led to the trump king to play the spade 5.

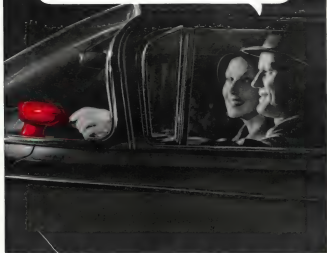
West's opening lead of the spade queen had strongly indicated the sequence Q-J-10; the general's master plan had been based on that logical inference, plus the fact that West was marked with the king of clubs. No declarer simply discarded a club on the spade 9, giving the trick to West. Now it was up to that defender to "get out" if he could.

Obviously, there was no escape for West. If he led a major-suit card, the general would ruff in dummy while he got rid of his last club loser. When West actually elected to return a club, declarer ducked in dummy and won with his queen. The only trick the general lost was one he did not need to surrender but which, when presented to the enemy, maneuvered the latter into a trap from which there was no successful retreat.

EXTRA TRICK

In a surprisingly great proportion of cases, trump-drawing is not the first order of business, as so many players seem to think it is. The priority must always be given to the timing of declarer's attack and its corollary, the proper utilization of entries.

"See how easily I adjust this new **AUTRONIC-EYE!** And it's completely automatic. As driving conditions change, I make it more sensitive—or less sensitive—by just turning the Distance Control Dial. Dim my lights for other drivers at exactly the right instant . . . switches them back to bright as soon as the way is clear. I drive more relaxed now that my dimming is automatic. What's more, it's nice to know you're making night-driving easier for others."



BUICK AUTRONIC-EYE

Power Headlight Control

Autronic-Eye never lets you forget to dim your lights . . . reminds other drivers to return your courtesy.

DEVELOPED BY GUIDE LAMP DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION • ANDERSON, IND.

this
year
the
swing's
to the
**MACGREGOR
TOURNEY**



Design: Bruce
Campbell, Author
of Golf

This is the golf ball that took first and second places in the 1959 Masters driving contest. It's the ball that's the talk of the Tournament Year. It's the all-new liquid-center MacGregor Tourney. Tournament-wise pros, leading amateurs and good golfers everywhere are joining the swing to the new Tourney. They like the proved long distance and all-around outstanding performance of the Tourney. So will you! Play the Tourney on your next round. Ask for them at the pro shop.

MacGregor
THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF

The MacGregor Co., Cincinnati 22, Ohio
Golf • Tennis • Baseball • Football • Basketball



BLANCHE DORN, Dept. of Physical Education, Ohio State University

Tip from the Top

Generating clubhead speed

SWINGING to produce clubhead speed is virtually synonymous with swinging to produce wrist action without conscious effort. While there would be little clubhead speed if there were no wrist action, it is also true that the greatest clubhead speed does not result from wrist action only. What else goes into creating it?

According to a law of physics, nothing will swing unless it is suspended from something. So, to begin with, as a golfer stands up to the ball the arms, the hands, the club should be hanging from the shoulders with the weight of the clubhead resting on the ground. Now, according to another law of physics, the movement is creating centrifugal force—which is at the heart of the golf swing—is outward and away from the center. It is set up-and-down. (That is leverage and lessens the speed.) It is like a sweeping action which pulls back and then forth. The more pull, the more speed.

Essentially, all one needs to do is oil the joints (such as the wrists, elbows and knees) with the oil of relaxation and then swing smoothly back and forth (hitting the ball with the speed of the clubhead that is created by just letting the wrists bend on the backswing), straighten out at the ball and bend again on the follow-through. Get out a broom and try it, literally sweeping back and forth. Then shift to a club, using the same sweeping action. Start with a short swing and gradually let it out to produce greater speed. And remember, you can hear speed!



BEST TIP: Drive Mac's new design for putting



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

©1994 Joe Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Know the real joy of good living...

People who know good beer select Schlitz. It's brewed with a special care out of love for the best... refreshingly brewed with just the kiss of the hops. Once you move to Schlitz you'll never want to move back again.

Watch Ray Milland on "MURDERER" on CBS-TV. See local listings for time and station.

Move up to quality...move up to Schlitz!



SEASIDE SUPPER: a specialty for rare stevens aboard the *Rhodes* is begun by Skipper Ray M. Watson of New Orleans, perched on cabin of his 36-foot Rhodes ship.

How to feed a sailor

THE QUESTION of what supplies to store and how to prepare meals on board a pleasure sailboat which is at sea for any length of time has always offered difficulties to owners and ongoing cooks. Especially during a race, such as the Annapolis-to-Newport race which gets under way this weekend, when boats are floundering about on their courses during foul weather as well as fair, the problems surrounding the whole area of the galley are intensified.

All right. How well can anybody expect to eat—and drink—on a racing sailboat? To begin with, it depends on the size of the boat, how the galley is equipped and what facilities there are for storage and refrigeration. Comparatively few racing craft have the generator needed to power an electric refrigerator or freezer locker for lengthy storing of fresh or frozen foods, and the old-fashioned icebox is, for most, standard galley equipment. Some skippers, pressing for a possible slight advantage under a racing handicap, even refuse to load ice; the crew is expected to subsist entirely from cans and to do without cold drinks. But most owners, sailing primarily for fun, are less Spartan about the whole matter.

To get some ideas about culinary possibilities at sea under the various limitations imposed by race classes, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED queried the owners of deep-water racing craft in major sailing areas of the U.S. Here are some of their reports:

WABAGO, Chicago

Fergus Mayhew describes what it's like to try to cook on board his 35-foot sloop in rough weather: "We have to close the hatch to keep water out; whenever fumes fill the galley, the air gets so thick you can see it with a candle and pretty soon the crew is picked up that is in distress." But in good weather he tries to have three hot meals a day.

LAPWING, Manchester, Mass.

Harold Wilcox is a perfectionist. On a long haul like the Bermuda race, he stores canned meats, vegetables and soup. The eggs are all clipped in steel plastic for protection against rust, identified by type of food with symbols. The crewman whose turn it is to cook just reaches down a cabinet. "We put everything in one pot," says Wilcox, pointing out that stew is easy to make, easy to eat and easy to keep hot.

RAUL II, Newport Beach, Calif.

Skipper Peter Grant started last winter's Annapolis race with two live chickens housed in a dinghy. After five days they were killed by Bob Harwood, the cook, but a welcome dinner of fresh meat. Trouble was the crew had run out of the herbs, and all hands had to go to town during the race.

CIRCLE, Houston

Like many boat owners, Wheeler Negro never enters boats during a race. "People give up certain things for Lent," he says. "We give up drinking from one day to another." Your drinks are frequent fare on board the Circle, as well as tea and hot chocolate. In cold weather hot stew, ale, served hot bouillon at 11 a.m., hot soup at 4 p.m.

MOBILE II, Maitland, Tenn.

A "Happy Hour" immediately before dinner is a racing tradition on board William T. Smith's 47-foot yawl. At 3 p.m. the race or navigator concocts a mixture of rum and fruit juice, and there are snacks for the occasion. Everyone is invited to social drink. It is a time of relaxation and storytelling. Smith says that a run off watch would rather participate in Happy Hour than catch an extra hour of sleep.

INTERMIDUS, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Robert Becker believes that breakfast is the most important meal on a racing sloop. Regular ways to begin the day along his 45-foot cutter is with scrambled eggs, bacon and coffee. In deep-sea races of four consecutive days he cooks the usual of drying grains on the galley.

WABAGO II, Toronto

In common with a great many skippers, Ray Engelman likes to take aboard precooked meats for heating up during a race. His staple is chicken breast. The cold meat is great for midnight snacks and comes in very handy in a blow.

SEIKIN, New Orleans

Ray M. Watson, an expert at preparing to cook the appetites of his crew with a couple of seafood dishes that he prepares himself. "Zeece salad" features fresh Louisiana shrimp cooked in salt water, the "crabbing garnish," which resembles chicken, is made with cod and cooked with ham, egg yolk and creaming, is cooked before the race, and stored in a pressure-cooker deep-frozen in the toughest weather to be subjected to on board.

SEA FEVER, Seattle

Skipper Don Stanbush is cooking for maximum efficiency, but also a surprise meal at sea. "Times at the coast we collect mussels from the beach," he says.

SEACH, Birmingham, Ala.

Captain Robert Cummings blind-baked up the first run off sea. After the typical late-race racing start, his crew lunched on steamed chicken or cornish chickens. Along with the steamed "Delmont" special cocktail of half chicken and half codfish, served cold but not too cold. If the "cocktail" doesn't hold over with pretty women, cold ham and cornish.

SEASOFT, Dallas, Calif.

Lyman Farwell's 50-foot schooner offers the luxury of an electric refrigerator and deep and deep-freezer (freezer). Besides the prime, ship's cook in the Honolulu race, can vary the menu with different meats and beans vegetables for eight days at sea before repeating the first day's meal. There are cocktails before dinner every night, and cold beer and lemonade.

U.S. OPEN

Continued from page 14

himself and moved the green to the left. It was his only nonpaper shot on the first four holes, but, in any event, he was two over par . . . and after this mis-venture seemed to wear off a bit, not much, but significantly, and he was once able to get moving again in his best style.

Billy Casper, meanwhile, had arrived at the second green. He had pulled out major on the first hole by dropping a hard four-footer. Not that golf records are computed this way, but, to stretch for effect, this marked Billy's fifth one-putt green in a row; he had finished his first Saturday round by holing a 10-footer, an eight-footer, an 11-footer and a four-footer in succession. Putting of this high order occasionally takes place on the greens where the greens are flat and the pressure is milder, but in an Open championship it is an extraordinary sight to behold a man step up to one footer putt after another and rap it right into the cup as if it were the simplest thing in the world. Casper had been doing this all during the championship. On his first round, he had had eight one-putt greens; on the second round, five; on the third round, nine (including a couple of long ones). Though he was driving quite well, his iron play had been erratic to say the least, but it hadn't really mattered, so far as his patches and his trap play and so positively unbelievable his work on the greens. He had not once been putted and thus on Winged Foot, with its subtle and hard-to-read rolls, and in an Open!

Now, on the third hole of the last round, with everyone wondering if he would be able to work such numbers one more day, with no margin of error, Casper, after driving into a trap, was left with an eight-footer for his par. He holed it. On the short third he was far off the green but he shipped to nine feet and holed that one. He missed the green on the fifth with his approach but came out of the right-hand bunker to within seven feet of the pin, and holed that one. On the long 30th he had an up-and-down for his birdie 4 and he got that one too. Inevitably, each of these five putts would have gone in if the cup had not been 1 1/2 inches in with no net 2 1/2. On the 6th, after a pretty pretty putt from 12 feet away, something curious happened. Billy Casper missed that putt.



HOGAN'S HOME LIES SMILE WAS UNALTERED BY HIS TROUBLES ON LAST TWO DAYS

This fantastic exhibition—and remember, it is no easier to putt in a swirling wind than to drive in one—made it absolutely imperative for Casper's challengers to recognize that the weather in their own best and to get a hot round under way without delay. Snodgrass couldn't. A double-bogey 5 on the 3rd (where a pulled tee shot put him in trouble) almost killed his chances then and there, and he was never truly a factor. Arnold Palmer, in much the same way, was two-over after the first two holes, and for all his poise and purpose, he, too, could never get going, nor could Fred Harmon's move come much too late. Two men, however, did mount serious challenges, Mike Souchak and Bob Rosburg, and late in the afternoon their own good play and a decided upset that overtook Casper midway in his round, and which at various moments looked as if it might be

fatal, brought them very much into the picture. As it finally turned out, both Souchak and Rosburg came to the home hole needing a birdie 3 on that rough 424-yards to tie with Casper, who had come home in a rather rocky 38 for a 74 (four over) and a total of 282. On the 72nd Souchak played the chip he had to hole from the back edge much too delicately, and it was never close, nor, for that matter, was the 30-foot putt up and over a rugged contour that Rosburg needed for his tying birdie.

There has probably never been such a devastating putting performance in the history of the National Open as Billy Casper's. In 1952, en route to his victory at Northwood in Dallas, Julius Bues won only 11 putts on the last nine holes of his third round and only 27 putts on his final 18, but even this was eclipsed by Casper's incredible total of only 114 putts for the 72 holes: 28 on the first round, 31 on the second, 34 for his best-played round, 27 on his third, and 25 on the final day—where on the 19th green he three-putted for the one and only time. If these statistics imply that Casper's tee-to-green play was something less than commanding, this is, of course, correct, as Billy himself would be the first to acknowledge. At Winged Foot he drove fairly well and in spots extremely well, but he is a much surer

FIRST 10 FINISHERS

CASPER	71-68-68-74=283
ROSBURG	78-78-67-71=284
SOUCHAK	71-78-73-71=284
HARMON	75-71-78-71=294
PALMER	71-68-72-74=290
VODDLE	72-70-72-72=286
FERD	72-68-72-72=286
HOGAN	69-71-71-78=269
SNEAD	72-74-67-79=292
KNOTT	69-75-75-73=292

and stronger impulses than he does. He contrasted himself to be. It was just one of the reverse ironies of golf, a game which is loaded with them, that he should manage to win the Open while not at all at the top of his game.

But it is also like Billy Casper, one of the best men in sports who needs to ride *The Power of Positive Thinking*, not to let what he was not doing helpfully deter his concentration even for a moment or make the slightest inroad into a coolness that is so relaxed and affable and so utterly authentic that one has to go all the way back to Walter Hagen to find its equivalent. Now on the edge of 38, Casper, a natural Chula Vista, Calif., town money—\$211,111 in the first professional tournament he entered, the 1955 Western Open. He finished that season with official tournament wins—none of \$512,511.60 and has increased his take annually—over \$18,000 in 1958, over \$20,000 in '57, and over \$40,000 in '58, when, all in all, he earned close to \$80,000. Up to his triumph in the Open, his 1958 season, interrupted by a bout with pneumonia and two other respiratory ailments, had been a lean one for him. This reminds me to add that he is undoubtedly the stoutest golfer to win the Open in quite some time, for the usual measurement of 38 inches which he admits to—he stands 5 feet 11 inches and weighs 215—is about as accurate as a baseball's professional age of 46.

Billy Casper is also the least intense man to win the Open in quite some time. He practices very little and at a typical of him that when his game turns sour, instead of fretting away over it, he goes off fishing for a couple of days, and this generally takes care of things. This lack of fuss and compensation is reflected in his style of play. On every stroke from tee to green he follows a quick, unvarying ritual: he peers at the target as if it were miles off, brings away a leaf or two if they are around, takes a quick three-quarter practice swing, resets his grip and hits the ball. On the greens he also subscribes to a set pattern. He studies the line to the cup with one round turn only, concentrates the green around the cup much in the fashion of Betty Locke, rights the line again behind the ball, squaring some shanks, with his right hand and his putter extended along the line. Over the ball he takes two quick little practice putts and then one line through often, as we know, into the very center of the hole.

END



Space Age Cookout

THE SUMMER OF 1958, more than likely, was the scene of the first barbecue. For few warm-weather activities have the timeless appeal of cooking out-of-doors.

Of the numerous ways to turn out picnic fare in the open, three basic ones came from the outset in lands of the Pacific: smoke cooking—as done in the roasted flamed of a special range, charcoal broiling in countless forms, among them the exotic table-top variety with a Japanese hibachi—and spit cooking—a simple and efficient method of self-basting.

The last idea, a fourth type of cookout, was America's contribution to the realm of outdoor cooking. The Indians of New England devised the method of steaming clams, lobster, sweet potatoes and even on the rock in a bed of hot stones covered with damp seaweed.

A third new variation on barbecue is solar cooking—an ingenious way to broil, fry, sear and without fuel or flame. The only natural heat is the sun!

Astronauts from Mars can come up with the idea, also watching pig grins in Saudi Arabia spend their previous money for fuel with the heat of the blazing desert sun was going to waste.

The solar cooker works like a

Box. Solar's burning place is, reverse, a bowl-shaped reflector catches the rays of the sun and focuses them on a cooking utensil. The temperature approximates that of an electric stove burner set at medium heat.

Convenience follows (with a few more). There's no fire to build and put out, no fuel to gather, no dishes to empty. The lack of flame assures economy and safety. And, although rain checks are sometimes in order, an ideal picnic weather is excellent for cooking by the sun's rays.

Five campsite cooking utensils were among the first sporting goods to leave the Manhattan & Fifth Avenues. Through the years, we've introduced many innovations in barbecuing, including grasshopper broiling, turkey, with America's spending more time in the open than ever before, we have outstanding equipment for every sort of outdoor cooking. And, for the time cooks reach the moon, we'll undoubtedly have a barbecue grill designed for lunar camp-outs.

Write for our barbecue folder,



ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

350 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

CIRCLE 100 ON READER SERVICE CARD

NEVER CARRY MORE CASH THAN YOU CAN AFFORD TO LOSE

"I never carry
more than
\$50 in cash"

SAVES
DICK POWELL
Star of "Zero-Gravity Teacher"
Thursday, 10:00-11:00



"When I travel, I always carry my money
in American Express Travelers Cheques.
Then I know it's safe."

Spensible and safe, good until used,
prompt refund if lost or stolen. Buy them
at your BANK, at Railway, Express
and Western Union offices.
Cheques, only a penny a dollar.



This is the most widely used
travelers cheque in the world.

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

MONEY ORDER • CREDIT CARD • TRAVEL SERVICE • GOLD WATCHDOG • OVERSEAS COMMERCIAL BANKING • FOREIGN EXCHANGE • FOREIGN TRAVEL INFORMATION

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY, New York, N.Y.

Powerful

AS SAM SNEAD'S DRIVE




**New 7-Transistor General Electric
Portable Radio in Top Grain Leather**

Handsome and rugged... this new General Electric portable pulls in pleasure from far and near. Seven transistors and a diode plus a new maximum efficiency circuit and a big 4-inch speaker give unparalleled power, range and tone. New push-button dial light for easy tuning. Perfectly designed for easy carrying.

Model PT70 is a new carrying case built from a soft leather. Perfectly designed for easy carrying.

Proper to Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



This is the Maxfli, the ball that won the '68 PGA with nine wins from young Dow Finsterwald. Now play this ball every game... So calls it the "Incomparable" Maxfli. Other pros who feel the same way about the ball include men like Ed Furgot, Peter Thomson, Dave Thomas, Paul Hahn, Ben Johnston and Harry Weisman. The good reasons for the Maxfli's popularity are all built right into the ball. It's the most inspected, most respected golf ball in the world. You'll know why when you try it—especially with a Dunlop wood or iron. Ask your pro—only he sells the Maxfli.

You'll never know how good you are until you play **Dunlop**

SKY-HIGH FOR KANSAS

week in the competition that will determine the American team for the U.S.-Russia dual meet and the Pan American Games, but others will fall before a host of talented postcollegiate athletes. Hayes Jones will be favored in the hurdles, and Ray Norton should be in the sprints, especially since Bobby Morrow's leg still bothers him. Janczura, George Kott seems a reasonably safe bet to beat America's best in the 800 meters, but Tesan Eddie Southern meets an old nemesis in Glenn Davis at 400 meters. Davis will try to double in the 160-meter hurdles, in which he holds the world record. Jim Grelle could win the 1500 meters, although Jerome Walters has run very well on the Coast, and a pair of youngsters, Dymal Butlesen and Archie San Romani Jr., have developed remarkably this spring. John Macy, handicapped by injuries last year, will have to contend with veterans like Phil Coleman in the steeplechase and Max Truitt in the distance races.

In the field events Ernie Shelby should hold his own with Joel Wiley and Greg Bell in the broad jump, but John Lander is not in. Harold Connolly's claim in the hammer. With Bill Alley, who is undergoing an operation for bone chips in his elbow, out of the picture, the new quadric world-record holder, Al Castella, looks much the best. The pole vault is wide open, with 15 meters deep. Jim Girdham looked very good winning the NCAA vault, breaking up the glow of a searchlight mounted on a tree trunk, but he must wait until some other major veterans as Bob Girdham and Doc Briggs, not to mention teammate Ashby Deedy and J. D. Martin, a 19-year-old from Oklahoma. The shortest and stoutest are strong Californians—Perry O'Brien, Dallas Long, Dave Davis, Charley Butt, Rex Babcock plus Kansas' modern Bill Nieder and Al Gertner. The high jump, Charley Harris' American record of 6'10" is a formidable barrier. And American Herman Stinson is the top step-and-jump.

On some bright night, says Girdham, should be taken to the state track. When you have the opportunity to see the winners at 100 meters, the NCAA meet, he says, he will be in the pit in disgust. "I was just getting started," he quipped. "I've made that baby if I'd had just one more chance."

He'll get it at Boulder.

ENR

Q

Which medium-priced car is up 92% in sales this year?



A.

Ambassador V-8 by Rambler

270 horsepower... 8 1/2-inch wheelbase... 200-inch drive shaft length

Record sales prove luxury car buyers want handling ease, too... and Ambassador has it! It's the *major* luxury car, nine inches longer than the Rambler Six—one to two feet shorter than other medium-priced cars.

Luxury car buyers want performance, not excessive gas thirst... and Ambassador has it! Top 270 HP V-8 performance with outstanding V-8 economy.

Luxury car buyers want comfort, not cramped quarters... and Ambassador has it! Big 6-passenger room. Personalized luxury: individually adjustable front seats.

Luxury car buyers want top resale value... and Ambassador has it! Lowest first cost and highest resale value of all nine medium-priced V-8s. At Rambler dealers.



Overgrown '59 cars looking for park? Drive the medium-priced car that's regular parking space. Get free car luxury, easy handling in the speeded 270 HP Ambassador V-8. It's just to drive an Ambassador.



Why re-model your garage for a 1959 medium-priced car with too much overhang? Ambassador fits your garage week. Has hundreds less than other medium-priced cars. Ambassador is the luxury car!

SEE THE AMBASSADOR—FINEST CAR EVER PRICED SO CLOSE TO THE LOWEST

FINISH IN THE MUD

Continued from page 12

Neapolitan nose up out of the mud.)

Thus, for the second successive year the Belmont Stakes, that single race in America which leading Thoroughbred owners and breeders are most anxious to win, was closed by shattering tragedy. A year ago Belmont Day marked the end of the short but dazzling career of Kentucky Derby and Preakness winner Tom Terr, who broke a bone in one foot and never stepped on a track again. What happened last week was almost as rare as an upset victory in the Belmont itself.

Just missed crushing Eddie, and then the long shot Lake Erie piled into the slippery mess, fortunately doing no serious damage to his jockey, Walter Warm. The startled and dying Black Hills was humanely destroyed a few moments later; were left in the quagmire as Sward Dancer fought on after Bagdad, rallying him courageously at the sixteenth pole and then inching ahead to win by nearly a length.

The victory celebration was hardly what it might have been. Although everyone congratulated Sward Dancer's winning team of Owner Isabel Dodge Skantz, Trainer Elliott Surch

er, Tony Lee, in the \$20,000 Cinema Handicap.

To be sure, Silver Spoon benefited from an exceptionally heavy race by Jockey WM Richard, while Tony Lee ran such a wild race he not only knocked himself out of it but managed to bully the only other threat in the race, the Pole, out of any chance. Mounted Tony Lee's jockey, Don Pierce, afterwards: "I couldn't ride him any more of the way. I had no chance to ride." The Pole's jockey, James Valenzuela, just grunted his teeth. "That horse [Tony Lee]! He gave us no chance."

In the other hand, Silver Spoon's Jockey Roland explained with a grin: "I took her back because I know Tony Lee runs out." As a result, Tony Lee barreled into the Pole on the first turn of the mile-and-a-half run and spent most of the rest of the race trying to get Jockey Pierce to quit lathering him. He was a bigger menace than a drunk in a crowded bar. He finished sixth, Silver Spoon, as manfully as a Sunday school teacher, scolded between horses in the backstretch and coughed out along the remainder of the race opposition.

Her win, of course, immediately set off her California fans, who feel she had been ridden into too much trouble in the Kentucky Derby (to be able to show her stuff. Owner C. V. Whitney unloaded a little fuel in the flame of controversy after the race): "I ran her in the Kentucky Derby because I believed she could beat them, but she had tough luck back there. I wanted to run her in this race against the winner of the Kentucky Derby because of my confidence in her."

Because of Tony Lee's headstrong behavior, the Cinema can hardly be called competitive. The Hollywood Derby, on June 27, should settle more than the \$100,000 prize posted. Sward Dancer is due for a rest, but Bagdad is expected to provide tough opposition. Tony Lee may be shown some manners by a more experienced jockey (Shoemaker has kept him pointed straighter than anyone, but the Tony Lee stable was upset at his protecting Sward Dancer in the Belmont. After Saturday, it may be the better part of pique to let bygones be bygones.

In any event, the Hollywood Derby will income is almost a fourth leg of the 1959 classic. And the little tag with the Whitney blue ribbon in her hair can hardly wait. ■■■



SWARD DANCER (left) gallops at head after sixth pole in Hollywood

Black Hills, the hope of Robert Kildewig's King Ranch and consigned by Trainer Max Hirsch as one of his best prospects in years, had run along in sixth and 10th place during the early part of the race—ahead of Sward Dancer and Royal Orb—while Mammas Mauder and Bagdad cut out the pace for the first mile of this mile-and-a-half grind. Then, coming the far turn, all the favorites started to move. Sward Dancer shot up on the outside, passed Mammas Mauder and took dead aim on Bagdad. Arcaro went to it with Black Hills, and in a full drive as he rounded the 14th pole he went by Mammas Mauder. Suddenly the King Ranch colt covered his head. He had been trying to lug in and Arcaro was fighting to keep him on course. Two strides after he put Richard down he literally flew apart, one leg shattered to smithereens. Like a dive bomber out of control he went nose first into the mud, and Arcaro flew over his head. The colt

and Jockey Willie Shoemaker for being associated with the most consistent and probably the best 3-year-old in training today, minds were on Black Hills and Arcaro.

As he flew home to California later that evening Willie Shoemaker had the satisfaction of knowing that his friend Eddie Arcaro was well out of danger. He also had the satisfaction of knowing that he and his agent Harry Silbert are the best pickers of mares in history. In fact, Shoemaker is dangerous to bet against in the big races: of his 63 \$100,000 races during the last two and a half seasons, Willie has been out in for a piece of the purse 48 times. And he's won 28.

•

Elsewhere on Belmont Day (winners James Murray, at Hollywood Park the remarkable filly, Silver Spoon, threw fresh confusion into the 3-year-old picture when she trounced Sward Dancer's Kentucky Derby conquer-



"Me? I've been flying on jet-powered planes since 1955!"

"Yes sir, I flew out to see my grandson on a Capital Viscount back in 1955. We've had a good many hours of jet-powered relaxation together since then, the Viscount and I. And I want to tell you young folks they've been the smoothest, quietest hours I've ever spent in the air. Now if you're

planning a family vacation this year, you call those nice people at Capital. Tell 'em to give you seats on a Viscount. Most comfortable plane you've ever flown in, I'll wager!"

Capital serves all the great vacation areas of the East with America's largest jet-prop fleet.

Capital
AIRLINES

Jet-powered by Rolls Royce



IN PARIS, IN 1914, JACK JOHNSON WAS HAPPY TO BE WITH A GROUP OF WOMEN, A GROUP OF

PART II:

JACK

As fugitive, loser, prisoner and failure, Jack Johnson kept his dream of glory intact

JACK JOHNSON, the first Negro heavyweight champion of the world, arrived in Europe in June of 1913 as a fugitive from a jail sentence for technical violation of the Mann Act in the U.S. He was accompanied by his third wife, Lucille Cameron Johnson, and his stepfather, Sam Jackson, the blues. Johnson had a vaudeville art in which he danced and played the bass fiddle, in addition to sparring and box punching, and was undoubtedly a much better entertainer than the average pugilist who took to the stage. He also had delusions of grandeur and a strong tendency to overestimate his popularity and to mistake mere curiosity for attention. His own journey began to get the message of disappointment when he was booked at the South London Music Hall and heard the savage boing of the audience at the Boston Theater Varieties. Even at Washington his entire act was canceled on the protest of the local Free Church congregation.

In the face of such discouragement Johnson decided to abandon the theater for a while and meet a suitable challenger in the ring. But it was not until the following year, when he met Dan McKenrick, that he found a promoter whom he considered worthwhile. McKenrick was a high-spirited Irish-American who was delighted to fight in Paris under the corporate title of the Société des Sports Français. He was given that Jack took on Francis Charles Moran, a red-haired young man from Pittsburgh who had served a hitch in the Navy. Moran had tremendous, remarkably good right-hand and was known for his devastating right swing, which was known as "the old Mary Ann." Johnson signed articles for the fight at a battle-joined

BLACK HAMLET OF THE HEAVYWEIGHTS AND THE GAME

by FINIS FARR

self talks in the Bois de Boulogne. McKenrick's temper, not smooth at the best of times, was continually abraded during the promotion of this fight. For one thing, the French journalists raised a cry of "Qui est le vrai?" and refused to publish McKenrick's propaganda until he agreed to distribute \$25,000 among them.

THE promoter was even more displeased when Moran went to the U.S. and brought back the Dargan, brother of Hector Cartoonist Tad, as his personal manager. Dan McKenrick had special reasons for wanting to continue as sole director of Moran's career. He called the boxer into conference.

"Let's sign a contract, Frank," McKenrick said.

"I don't need no contract," Moran replied.

"Well, I do!" cried McKenrick, quickly coming to a halt.

"I'm sorry," Moran said. "When I left the Navy I took an oath never to sign no papers."

"You took an oath?" screamed McKenrick. "What if I take a punch at your head?"

"You've got more sense than that," said Moran, but McKenrick went away fuming. The truth is that the promoter was convinced Johnson was finished as a fighter and that Moran could beat him and would then be worth "a fortune in money." He was further convinced of this when Johnson, out after some extra money before the Moran bout, broke a small bone in his left arm while fighting a heavyweight named Battling Jim Johnson. McKenrick could not eliminate the thought of the Dargan cutting across his expected success. In this implacable mood, McKenrick decided that nobody would get anything until matters were arranged as he wanted them. Using a claim against Moran for a \$1,497 advance as legal excuse, he instructed a French lawyer to tie up the entire amount in

the law office the minute the fight was over.

When the fight took place, before a fashionable audience at the Vélodrome d'Hiver, McKenrick saw he had been terribly mistaken about Moran's chances. It was true that Johnson was not in fantastic condition, but his unpretentious defense held up, and he was able to evade the dreaded Mary Ann and give Moran a severe beating without the full use of his left arm. Johnson had a rather preoccupied air, for he had heard rumors of wars and lawyers and knew but too well that this always meant trouble. And, as he feared, he was told after the fight that French police had grabbed the money and taken it away.

"Goodly, money, you're going to be losing games!" Johnson muttered, shaking his head, and drove out to his villa in suburban Annecy for a victory banquet of chicken, lobster, whisky and champagne, all obtained on credit. These events took place on the night of June 25, 1914. Next day, in the provincial Russian town of Sarajevo, a political assassin shot the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand. Within 48 hours McKenrick's lawyer was called to military service, and in the excitement he left without arranging for the necessary papers to get the funds out of the Bank of France. When McKenrick roared down and applied for the money the bank officials told him they had no authority to release it. It had taken McKenrick four weeks to get into a mood to talk business, and by this time World War I had broken out; and with settlement again sure to wait until the lawyer could get back to Paris on a furlough. But that brave man, unfortunately, was killed in one of the first engagements, and to this day not a single son of the game weighs has ever been sprung. And so the Johnson-Moran match must be recorded as history's only world heavyweight championship fight in

which the contestants worked without pay.

Taking inventory, as he recovered from the victory celebration, Johnson correctly assumed that it would be hopeless to try to collect what had been promised him for raking his title against Moran. There was no other opponent in sight, and a tremendous white folks' war was obviously brewing. At the moment his only chance to make money was in vaudeville, and he decided to fill all the bookings he could get. Before the leg balloons went up. Accordingly, the three murderers, as Johnson and his wife and nephew called themselves, took a train for Russia, arriving in St. Petersburg early in July.

How they found a great upsurge of mobilizing troops and hysterical officials running around in a frenzy. Johnson's visit was promoted by another American Negro, a swiftness caber named George Thomas, who had become a theatrical producer and was such a notable personage that he had connections at the court of Czar Nicholas II and attended banquets there at the palace. Years afterward Johnson was still marveling over an introduction furnished by Thomas late one night at a gathering of important people. Here the showman presented the boxer to a bearded prince, who was none less than and had a glittering eye—Basmutin.

"Some day somebody gonna see that man!" whispered Thomas. But it was Johnson who was heavily intimidated on this occasion as he tried to stand against the word needs, drink for drink, at the vodka tables. Johnson got twice to the table the next night. A few hours later the police passed by, made Johnson get dressed and hustled him—suffering with a frightful headache—to the station house. There an official told Johnson to get himself and his party out of Russia. "They invoked the five-and-ten law,"

—FINIS FARR

Johnson said. "That means five minutes to pack and 10 minutes to get out of town." Through Thomas' influence Johnson and his companions managed to load their 12 trunks on an outgoing train. In this connection, Jack recorded that Thomas drew him aside just before his departure and slipped him a package of papers. Thomas said that these were copies of personal exchanges between the Czar and the Kaiser and had incalculable importance. Johnson was to take the documents to London, where Thomas

land. Johnson went to Antwerp, got his car out of storage, and they started for Boulogne. On the way he went off the road at high speed down a 20-foot embankment, but by incredible luck nobody was hurt. With this kind of driving Johnson managed to reach the port over roads which were choked with military traffic, only to arrive in the middle of a stampede of 4,000 cavalry horses on the pier. But even more memorable was the sight of British troops disembarking. There were neat, smart-looking London regiments and kilted Scots; their marching song had a haunting lilt and was

"Good old England!" cried Johnson in return.

There were plenty of male-hall bookings now in a country under emotional tension and hungry for the relaxation of a show. Johnson did his best to provide a cheerful note and at least added vivid sartorial decoration to the London scene. Walking in the evening, he evoked Bernard Shaw's fictional protagonist Cyprian Huxton in the elegance of his dress, being observed in a biscuit-colored silk suit, a pale golden turtleneck, and shoes made of daisies and crocodile leather. But it was becoming plain even



AT VARIOUS TIMES IN HIS MANY CAREERS JOHNSON PERFORMED IN "AIDA," PREACHED THE GOSPEL AND PLAYED THE DOUBLE BASS

would let him know what to do with them. Whatever he entrusted to Johnson, George Thomas entrusts the new rulers of Russia three years later by his prosperity, his nationality, and his color and escaped from St. Petersburg one jump ahead of a mob of Bolsheviks who wanted to lynch him. He settled in Constantinople but never again was as wealthy and famous as he had been in the days of the Czar.

When Johnson and his party at last got back to Paris the confusion was even greater than in St. Petersburg, and they were about as welcome as a squadron of uhlans. Obviously, the only thing to do was head for Eng-

land. Johnson went to Antwerp, got his car out of storage, and they started for Boulogne. On the way he went off the road at high speed down a 20-foot embankment, but by incredible luck nobody was hurt. With this kind of driving Johnson managed to reach the port over roads which were choked with military traffic, only to arrive in the middle of a stampede of 4,000 cavalry horses on the pier. But even more memorable was the sight of British troops disembarking. There were neat, smart-looking London regiments and kilted Scots; their marching song had a haunting lilt and was

"Good old England!" cried Johnson in return. There were plenty of male-hall bookings now in a country under emotional tension and hungry for the relaxation of a show. Johnson did his best to provide a cheerful note and at least added vivid sartorial decoration to the London scene. Walking in the evening, he evoked Bernard Shaw's fictional protagonist Cyprian Huxton in the elegance of his dress, being observed in a biscuit-colored silk suit, a pale golden turtleneck, and shoes made of daisies and crocodile leather. But it was becoming plain even

about a place in Ireland. "It's a long way to Tipperary," they were singing. "It's a long way to go."

Twenty-four hours later, as Johnson stood in the wings of a London music hall near the Elephant and Castle, he heard the same song used as the closing number of the turn preceding him. "Come on, you everybody!" cried the performer, and the audience burst into the chorus. Johnson could not resist it. Arms aloft and golden smile aglow, he marched on stage and joined the singing. For once he had an audience absolutely with him, and they gave a cheer. "Good old Jack!" the audience shouted.

except the papers from St. Petersburg, which Johnson had hidden between the pages of his favorite volume of Herbert Spencer. Witnessing Johnson's studiousness, London students may be inclined to place this incident in the same class of romantic creation as the raid on the rooms of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson on agents of Professor Moriarty. But it cannot be questioned that a few evenings later a stern-looking man stepped up to Johnson, placed a paper in his hands and said, "It is my duty to give you this order to leave England within 24 hours."

present of Jess Willard, the Baltimorean champion.

"Who is this Willard?" Johnson asked in the French accent he sometimes affected. Curley and his associates looked on more about, though rather large and strong, Willard stood 6 feet 6 inches tall, weighed 230 pounds and had killed a man in the ring. Name of this intimidated Johnson, who said, "All right, I will take this Willard on you. And you can call it a round."

Curley replied that he was not so much concerned with what round ended the fight as with finding a place

for him on April 5, 1915 before some 16,000 people in a wooden arena at the Oriental Park Racecourse. This was to be the last time a Negro figured in a heavyweight championship bout until Joe Louis faced James J. Braddock 22 years later. Willard was in the best condition of his life, having trained six months for this day. Johnson was heavy around the middle. He had gone on a South American theatrical tour after his contact with Curley in England and apparently had done no preparatory work except his boxing exhibitions and a few strong-man stunts such as pulling a team of



JOHNSON GAVE A LONDON CHARITY SOLICITOR THE NAME GOLDEN BRIDE HE LATER LEARNED ON LOS ANGELES NIGHTCLUB CHORUS

With the help of some influential men as American-born Sir Hiram Maxson, inventor of the machine gun, and Lord Lansdowne, Britain's great polo and sportsman, Johnson managed to escape punitive justice, but someone was attacked one dark night by a hand of enemies he finally decided it was time to go. At this critical point an old associate appeared with an interesting proposition. The friend was Jack Curley, the boxing promoter, who lunched with Jack and Lorde at the Savoy and reported that New York theater children had put up money to promote a world heavyweight championship prizefight and a suitable white hope had been found in the

to hold it. Johnson, facing a white hope who had a chance of beating him, would be a tremendous drawing card anywhere in the U.S., but the champion could hardly defend his title in jail, and the Maxson-Johnson threat still hung over him. On this point Johnson always maintained that Curley could be his profitable working man the race and if Johnson would throw the fight to Willard the fix was in. "He reached an agreement," Johnson wrote in his memoirs, "which would give Willard the championship and permit me to return home."

Whatever he really thought Curley had been telling him, Johnson met Jess Willard under a blistering sun at

horses or allowing a horse to stand on incident. Johnson later said there was no use working hard for a fight he intended to lose.

Johnson's story was that his wife, who was sitting at ringside, was to receive a package of bills handed directly from the box office and amounting to \$25,000, which was to be his payment for throwing the fight in the 10th round. "But when that round arrived," Johnson recorded, "the money had not even paid. It was missing the 25th round when the money was turned over to Mrs. Johnson. I had specified that it should be in \$500 bills so that the package"

Continued



JESS WILLARD TOWERED OVER JOHNSON EVEN BEFORE THE CHAMPION ACQUIRED HIS FAMOUS "BRASSER EYES" AND CROOK PICTURE

JACK JOHNSON *continued*

should be small and the amount quickly counted. After examining it she gave me the signal. I replied that everything was O.K. and she departed. In the 16th round I let the fight end as it did."

It is true that Lucille Johnson left the arena before the 26th round, but it is a great deal more likely that this was to avoid seeing Johnson defeated than to carry away a package of \$500 bills. Indeed, bills of that denomination are no seldom presented at box office windows that this detail alone is enough to discredit the story. So far as the fight was concerned, Johnson was floored in the 26th and did not get up. One of the best known of all sporting photographs (also) shows Johnson on his back with Willard towering over him. Much has been made of the fact that Johnson's right arm is raised as if to shield his eyes from the glaring tropical sun. All this means is that Johnson was not completely unconscious, and more than Jeffries was at Texas But, like Jeffries, he was fished as far as the fight was concerned. Also like Jeffries, Johnson spoke frankly about the fight and his part in it shortly after leaving the ring, somewhat in the shock of defeat. "Willard was too much for me," he told a reporter, "I just didn't measure."

Jack Carley's recollections were in full accord with what the defeated champion said in this moment of truth. Carley stated years later in New York, "Notwithstanding Johnson's charges of fakery seriously, he

was well past his prime, fat and dissipated, and he was worn down and knocked out by a strong, game and well-conditioned opponent." This was also how it looked to Willard, who merely said, "If Johnson throwed it, I wish he throwed it sooner. It was hotter than hell down there."

AFTER the fight reliable advisers told Johnson that if he entered the U.S. he would go directly to prison. He returned to London, having received word that the Foreign Office would tolerate his presence so long as there were no reports of bad behavior. He hoped to make big money from exhibiting massed the Willard fight in the United Kingdom. And his sense of injustice was not assuaged when a certain Mr. A. Well challenged his rights in the pictures and actually scuffled with him at the express office for possession of the prints. Mr. Well was born slightly out of shape in this encounter, and Johnson kept the films. But in a few weeks he was in tight trouble.

This came from an altercation at the Hippodrome in London, where Johnson was offering a musical sketch called *Shenando* there. His company manager, Jack du Maurier, resigned and asked for traveling expenses back to London, in addition to other sums. Johnson, skeptical, sent Mr. Maurier some of the missing debate with a badly injured left eye. He got a judgment of £1,075 for the damage, and shortly afterward Johnson left England for Spain.

Johnson played the starring role in a picture called *Peter Nobility*

—and brilliant fighting occupied Johnson for a while in Spain, but he was thinking of an even more dangerous game. With the war at its height, German submarines were known to be in Spanish waters. When the U.S. entered the war on April 6, 1917 it was necessary to start coast-watching operations from La Coruña to Bilbao, and other confidential missions had to be performed. Johnson spoke to Major Lang, the U.S. military attaché in Madrid, offering his services for espionage and informal warfare. This fitted nicely with Johnson's taste for melodrama, and the tight security over such activities made them rich material for fantasy. The business was well suited, moreover, to moonless nights when all kinds of contrived light might be passed through coastal lights. Johnson seemed to feel that his mysterious goings-on entitled him to special treatment. He told the American consul at Málaga, for example, that he would soon receive money from Major Lang and meanwhile requested the guarantee of his hotel bill, which was refused. Johnson left with dignity, and may or may not have gone directly to German agents and offered his services to their country. In any event, the State Department had good reason to believe that an application for Johnson for a post as German agent reached Bernadotte and was treated there. The espionage and ghost of espionage provided sufficiently all aspects of his star-crossed episode. But these included no chance of Johnson confronting with the Germans something to deny the possibility that he might

have been attempting the hazardous role of double agent, and that in so doing he was carrying out instructions. No action was ever taken against Johnson for approaching the enemy, and no known citation was issued for services to the American side.

AFTER the war Johnson lived for a while in Mexico City, boxing, wrestling, bullfighting and enjoying high times with a group of hard-drinking generals and *cristiferos*, as mixing millworkers. He was also on good terms with President Venustiano Carranza. But General Alvarez Obregón was now the coming man; Carranza began to feel the heat and laid plans for a last getaway. The statesman was kind enough to pass the word to Johnson, who felt that he, too, might be unpopular with the new ruler and got out of town well ahead of Obregón's advance.

Johnson's destination was Tijuana, just below the U.S. line in Lower California. Here he planned to open a café and promote and engage in prizefighting.

Less than a year later, after only modest success in promoting fights, Johnson began to pine for the U.S., and in particular for Chicago. And with his usual incorrigible optimism he made himself believe that somebody or other would have the influence to work out a settlement of his

law troubles. This belief was partly based on an interview with Tom Carey, a Chicago politician who visited Tijuana and advised Johnson to come home. But Carey made no promises. He merely gave the opinion that whatever happened it would be better for Johnson to return while still a comparatively young man than to spend the rest of his life in exile.

Johnson's surrender to federal authorities in San Diego on July 23, 1920 brought out headline type of a size that the newspapers had not used since Armistice Day. This may have been why Johnson continued to believe he would receive official forgiveness right up to the time he was brought to court on Sept. 13 and again faced Judge George Carpenter. He could scarcely have been more wrong. The judge saw no reason to mitigate his original view and ordered Johnson to "The Walls"—the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kans.—to serve out his time of a year and a day.

However, Johnson's stay at The Walls was not onerous. Upon admission he was brought before the superintendent, who proved to be none other than ex-Governor Denver S. Dickerson of Nevada, an old friend from the time of the Jeffries fight at Reno in 1910. Dickerson talked to Johnson in a fatherly way.

"You play square with me, Jack,"

said the official, "and you won't find things too bad here. Now, what job do you want while you're with us?"

Johnson put in for prison physical director, and it was so ordered. His duties were to organize and direct calisthenic drills, and as entertainment for the prisoners he brought five heavyweights brought in from outside. Johnson made himself very comfortable in prison and managed to keep a good supply of liquor and cigars and employed his own cook from among the inmates.

Johnson was released, with time off for good behavior, on July 8, 1921 and as a last favor to Superintendent Dickerson delivered an inspirational address to the prison population before checking out. In this memorable performance Johnson showed that he was beginning to feel his way into a vocation as an exhorter toward the better things of life. He took as particular subject for his address to the prisoners, recalling later that he wandered in a rather wide field, "having for my topics religion, squareness, courage and successful living." The prisoners gave three cheers. Dickerson escorted Johnson to the gates, and he walked out a free man amid the playing of a brass band which had marched to meet him. Except for exceeding speed limits he never again took liberties with the law.

continued



ON HIS LAST MORNING AS PRISONER FROM U.S., JOHNSON POSED WITH TIJUANA FRIENDS IN FRONT OF THE LAST CHANCE SALOON

Chicago, his old home, gave Johnson a roaring welcome without any of the racial friction feared by the police, and New York, his next stop, greeted almost as enthusiastically. Jack then took to the road in vaudeville, attracting much less condemnation—and smaller audiences—than would have been the case a short time before. But the years which now came on, though never very prosperous, were, as Johnson quiet and relaxed. As it turned out, Johnson was to entertain many of his public appearances by a gift for extemporaneous chatter in a mystical, allusive style somewhat akin to that of his great contemporaries James Joyce and Father Divine. By the late '20s Johnson's lectures had taken a moralizing turn, and he assumed the pulpit name that was to attract church audiences. He said that his theory of homiletics was to discuss recent text that to women a general discourse around "Job, Saul, Enoch, Esther and Revelations." On one occasion he preached to a gathering of Methodist bishops, urging them to keep control of themselves at all times and above all to avoid liquor, which could get a hold of a man before he knew it and quickly drag him to disaster. Another notable public address was delivered in 1924 when Johnson appeared before a Masses of the Ku Klux Klan in Danville, Ill., speaking mainly on sportsmanship, fair play and the golden rule.

The following year, Johnson's marriage to Lucile Cameron ended in divorce. He soon married Mrs. Irene Parnum, herself recently divorced, and lived with this fourth (and third white) wife for the rest of his days. Though his earning power was painfully reduced, he kept busy hunting for sidishow engagements and lecture dates, usually paid his bills and always had a fast car to drive, appearing in traffic courts with ominous regularity. He went off the road in Connecticut and followed that by miraculously escaping unhurt from a smashup outside Benton Harbor, Mich. in 1925. "I must confess to having a weakness for fast driving," Johnson said, and later announced that he would race professionally. Fortunately, he received no little encouragement that he gave up this idea.

If Johnson failed to make a fortune in his later years it was not for lack

of trying. He attempted to promote fights, to sell stocks and bonds and to produce *Othello* with himself in the title role. He appeared as master of ceremonies in a Los Angeles nightclub which he operated for a short time. He accepted a few days' work on the Warner Brothers lot, hoping for a break in pictures. At this time the highly respected scoldler and playwright, Wilson Messer, who had a great regard for Johnson, was under contract at Warner as an idea man. When he found that his old friend was on the premises, Messer left the



WITH IRENE PARNUM, his third white wife, a divorced Jack Johnson happily dances.

throne-like chair in which he slept most of the day and hurried out to embrace Johnson and tell the naive negro that there was no fat player but a person of importance and distinction. As a result everyone was polite; but no constituting work was offered. The steadiest employment Johnson found in the closing years of his life was at Hubert's Museum, the famous collection of educated fleas, fortune-telling machines, circus trunks and sidishows, which is still in business on West 42nd Street in New York.

Johnson also made appearances as a fighter long after the age when heroes usually are retired. He was 48 when he beat Pat Lester in the ball ring at Niagara, Medicine in 15 rounds. Lester was a strong young heavy-weight who had never been defeated and was thought to be a contender

for the championship then held by Jack Dempsey. The wire-services reported Johnson in his last form, picking off punches as a shortstop catches a bounding ball and going with friends from the 25th (Negro) U.S. Infantry, where camp was just across the border and who made a killing with their bets. Two years later Johnson fought his last fight involving a division, losing to Bill Henschel in Kansas City. He continued to appear in exhibition bouts until 1934.

Sometimes during these years Johnson would be asked to court, but no longer for sexual and but only. The legal disputes were usually with landladies or lost to do with small claims by agents and promoters. A typical proceeding involved an entrepreneur named Morris Barnett, who said Johnson was due him in a deal to make and sell a preparation called 1001 Cough Lozenges. Johnson explained to the judge, "I figured out the formula years ago. I have given it away to friends for years, and they all say it will cure toothaches, headaches and any other kind of ache. I just refused to make personal appearances—(or Barnett because I didn't think the stuff he was making was the same as my product.)" But a sidishow performer and provider of quadrants could not afford real trouble with anyone, and Johnson's manner and appearance grew more and more ingraining as the years went by. He began to look rather like an old-fashioned southern butler, except that he liked to wear barbersh double-breasted coats, set off by a beret, spats and the traditional shoeman's cane.

At the Chicago World's Fair in 1934 Johnson presided at a booth, urging the changes on his time-travel spud and impressing Gilmer Black, the Chicago architect and sportsman, as extremely affable and most remarkably light on his feet. During this engagement he joined Sally Rand and Samuel Insull in autographing a drum and appeared in an "exhibition boxing bout" with the veteran heavyweight Babe Tom Sharkey. Sharkey rushed at his opponent with serious intent, but Johnson easily held him off or pinned his arms, flashing a gold-matched smile at the spectators and reporting Sharkey, "What you aim to do to me, Tom? What you tryin' to do?"

Advancing years, previous employment and near poverty did not



Part of the value is:
they give it concentration

Readers are fars. They're accustomed to using their minds. They choose what interests them and give it full **CONCENTRATION** whether reading editorial matter or advertising. Only

magazines give them both the time and opportunity to read advertising in depth. This is why advertising in magazines is both welcomed and respected by readers.



These varied means of advertisement sponsored by First-class publishers of *Illustration* (National) and *Science* (Illustrated). Each advertisement delivers what this collage graphically suggests—degrees of the values that make advertising in magazines a uniquely powerful force for mass selling: 1. Specific Appeal 2. Information 3. Ideas 4. Anticipation 5. Change 6. Change of Pace 7. Beauty 8. Loyalty 9. **CONCENTRATION** 10. Perception 11. Confidence 12. Solidity 13. Authority 14. Social Status 15. Response 16. Privacy 17. Selection 18. Audience.



Now, another fine whiskey
by **FOUR ROSES**

That old-time bourbon is back!

Many of you old-time straight whiskey connoisseurs will remember **ANTIQUE**. It was one of the very limited group of fine whiskeys made and sold under legal license during the great drought from 1918 to 1933.

Now we're able to make it again just as before—beginning with the finest, richest bourbon whiskey, then waiting out the years for one golden moment, the moment of maturity. Give **ANTIQUE** an old-time welcome—soon.

*Prized wood carving of a bare-knuckle fighter of the 1870's. **ANTIQUE** Bourbon is made with the same old-time craftsmanship.*

ANTIQUE

**Kentucky
Straight Bourbon**

FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS COMPANY, N. E. C. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON • 86 PROOF • AGED 4 YEARS.

The Eyes Have It

It takes a keen gaze and a steady hand to master the esoteric art of race calling

V^h N^h K^h Q^h B^h R^h S^h U

THESE LETTERS and numerals are not the formula of a new atomic weapon or a cryptograph that leads to Blackbeard's buried treasure. They are three nine lines scribbled in ink recently on a ruled sheet of paper. This piece of paper provides the basis of Walter H. Annenberg's Triangle Publications, a small empire which not only owns every major racing newspaper in the United States and Canada but operates such valuable properties as the Philadelphia Inquirer and the magazine TV Guide and Sports Illustrated. Racing fans, who bet more than \$2 billion annually at U.S. tracks, are so conditioned to using the end result of this piece of paper as a guide to horses' form that a large majority of them would be lost without it. The scribbles are compiled with racing charts that give the correct position of each horse at different points in a race and describe in letters how each behaved. Triangle Publications consider the charts less exciting and not betting guides.

The symbols speak that after one-

half mile of a six-furlong race at Belmont, N.Y. last month a 3-year-old named Velvet Sash (V^h) was leading Naxon Padraig (N^h) by a head (h), written above and to the right. Naxon Padraig in turn was a head in front of Red Canal (R^h), who was one length ahead of Quixotismo (Q^h), who led Barrens Brook (B^h) by a length and a half (h¹). The other horses, in order, are Run Bally (r^h), Sunset Bally (s^h) and Uncle Billy (u^h). A ninth horse, Lord Mike, threw his jockey at the start and was out of the race on chest.

Costy Carr, a chart-taker for Triangle Publications for the last year and a half, wrote the symbols. Don Fair, who at 41 is believed by many to be the finest chart-caller in the country, told him what to write. Carr's performance, by most normal standards, was remarkable; Fair's was almost unbelievable.

No worker in my profession is under more harrowing nervous tension or more concentrated visual strain than the chart-caller. Six days a week he faces the mind-bogglingly difficult and exacting task of accurately calling off

continued



Now Jet to Nassau ...round trip only \$143.10*

NON-STOP from Ft. Lauderdale to the Bahamas. Enjoy the education-free comfort of a 4-prop flight in an extra-cool!

You can have it all with it \$143.10 in the morning on Mondays, Wednesdays or Fridays (complimentary lunch aboard the plane). Leave at 11:00 a.m. Thursday on Saturdays and leave Nassau in time for an afternoon lunch.

FLY NOW—PAY LATER

When you fly that island vacation, pay over 12 weekly \$10.25* installments, no interest on the balance.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

He's the man with the know-how, the know-where and the know-how much! He will help you with the details.

*The Most Experienced
Jet Service in the World*

B.O.A.C.

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
540 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017
Offices in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Atlanta, Pittsburgh

*Based on current rates, fare from New York

CALLING NAME: Don Fair, 40, owner of track men, follows horses' movement from press box at Belmont as calligrapher Costy Carr scribbles notes' position. Fair tells bookies to study the horses before a race, follow them at the far end of the track.





NO
Rough Spots

IN YOUR
GAME WITH

Worthington Champ
GOLF CARS

With the Worthington Champ you can play 18 holes over the toughest course and still "feel like more!" Built by turf equipment experts, the Champ can go the full distance over the longest course. It's the car that's first choice by leading pros and the one you'll want at your Club. Write today for demonstration or literature.

Available in 24 or 36 volt power.

WORTHINGTON MOWER COMPANY

STROUDSBURG,
PENNSYLVANIA

Electric Car Division

8-178

Subsidiary of Jacobson Manufacturing Company

FISH

for over 200 species in
BERMUDA



FREE

Now full-color Bermuda Brochure and vacation kit. Mail coupon today!

The Bermuda Trade Development Board,
Dept. 1-P&A, 220 St. Ann's, H.R. 22, H.T.

Please send Bermuda vacation kit to:

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

FLY FISHING IN THE OCEAN!

Here's a new sport—catching, released on a trout rod. It's a fisherman's challenge! Prince Edward Island has the warmest surf south of Florida, averages 70°, miles of sandy beaches... good sailing, swimming, racing, tennis, dancing... golfing on the PINNACLE COURSES for only \$1.50 per day. Warm days, cool nights, plus excellent accommodation, excellent lobster and Malaga system, really give you a holiday that pleases... in P.E.I., the unspoiled Isle! Write now for coloured brochure to

A. A. Nicholson, Travel Bureau, Charlottetown, P.E.I., Canada. 51-2-35

enjoy more

enjoy

more

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



**POCONO
MANOR INN
GOLF CLUB**

HOMER COWEN OF ART WALL, JR.
TECH. MATHS. CHAIRMAN
Jack Taylor, Pres.

Write for Special Members Rates
POCONO MANOR INN, PENNSYLVANIA
Phone: Mt. Pocono—(610) 434-1111

EVER HAVE IT much more

all the names of the horses in a race with their exact positions when they leave the gate, at the one-quarter-mile pole, one-half mile, head of the stretch and at the finish. In longer races he gives the positions at the three-quarter-mile pole. A six-furlong race takes about one minute 12 seconds to run. Most people would have a miserable time merely reciting the horses' names correctly five straight times during that span. But the caller is expected to watch each horse carefully, noting how he behaves and whether any peculiarities that bettors should know about develop. "There he appears to his chart as footnotes," "Barstow Brook, a close quarters leaving the backstretch, saved ground when clear and, expanding to strong handling during the drive, wore down Red Coral in the last 18th." Fair won't of the crowd at Belmont. There were similar notations for all eight other horses in the race. The chart and the footnotes took Fair about four seemingly effortless minutes.

They weren't that easy though. His ability to get all the data down was the result of intense concentration. The slightest interruption of his mental and vocal processes could have meant that he fouled up his call and the chart was worthless. He never gets a second chance.

If a caller temporarily forgets a horse's name during the running of a race, he usually just yells "Skip one by two" and straightens it out later by a process of elimination. At other times when a lapse of memory occurs, the caller may designate the horse by his colors: "Something red a half"; or by his markings: "White blaze by one." There used to be a caller who yelled "Man o' War" every time he fluffed a horse's name.

The caller can't call horses by neckcloth or head numbers. These are often obscured during the running of a race. In the few minutes a field is parading to the post the caller seems downright demented as he scribbles over and over to himself, remembering the names of the horses and the colors of the jockeys' silks. Sometimes these silks are very similar, only a stripe on the sleeve or a star on the cap differentiating them. In such cases a caller must rely on the different shades of horses' coats or their markings or on the fact that one seems blinkier and the other doesn't. Fair concentrates on the horses first.

when they come out on the track. He picks them up with his binoculars later as they approach the starting gate, partly to see how they are acting, partly to refresh his memory for a field he has seen for the first time just a few minutes before. With the abandonment this year of the Widener Chase he figures his worst years are behind him. Often in the past a full field of 28 would roar down the farthest straightaway toward the clubhouse. The angle was so terrible and the field so crowded that Fair took to the roof in order to get a better view. With the help of the film patrol, which ran the start over for him several times immediately after the race, he was able to check his roll for the start of the race. He made two other rolls with no help and then checked his finish against the official photo. He was usually right. Caruso says now that he personally was glad to see the Chute go "lost Uncle Ben" won't. He considered it a challenge."

At present there are about 25 men in the country who follow the career profession of chart-calling. An equal number take charts. Some of the latter are in training to become callers, but others among them will never make it. As Fair points out, calling isn't something you can pick up. You either have the memory and concentration and control or you find some other job. Carus, who once played football at Fordham and later worked in his parents' restaurant in Queens, believes at 45 that his future is in writing and not calling. He does a column and reporting for the *Mercury Telegraph* and despite amazingly fast reflexes feels he would never be in a lounge with Fair.

THE CHARTS OF FORM

Callers and takers earn every cent of their salaries. The racing charts they produce are the heart of the past performance records which are absolutely vital to the millions of American racegoers who throng the tracks. Today few racing fans bet solely on hunches. They buy "off the board," and thereby complete and official records are the Triangle past performance, drawn from the charts and published in the *10c Morning Telegraph Daily Racing Form*.

The records drawn from the charts are important to horseplayers because they show at a glance if the horse likes a short or long distance, if he is improving or "tailing off," if he likes

continued

Rompin' at the RONEY... Family Fashion!

THE WORLD
FAMOUS

RONEY PLAZA



The Roney's wonderful difference is its vast spaciousness... plenty of room for a full, exciting schedule of fun for Tikes, Twelves, Teens, and Twenties plus!

Your whole family will enjoy the 3-block long ocean beach, racing-sure swimming pool, tea or tea room, courts, putting greens, enclosed tropical garden, archery and shuffleboard... topped with the Roney hospitality and renowned cuisine! **Roney's** now while summer rates are lowest. Free TV in every room. Completely air-conditioned.

\$8 per day, per person, including

Breakfast, dinner, 20 of 200 rms.

See rate card at desk or write

Manager, S. Moll, Gen. Mgr.



7 ACRES
ON THE OCEAN
AT 2312 ST., MIAMI BEACH



**THE
BEST...
in Thoroughbred
Racing**

BELMONT PARK

9 Races Daily • First Race 1:15 P.M. • General Admission \$2.00 tax incl.
By Special L.I.R.R. Trains, by Subway and Bus or by Car via Parkways

last traces of trial. Players can review a dozen or more of the horse's most recent races before making a wager. Usually "cans," as punters call them, for the chart lines on 50,000 horses are stored in the composing rooms of racing papers and they are added to daily as the charts come in on the wires from all sections of the country.

The chart-taker generally stands beside the caller while a race is being run. The ruled sheet of paper he uses is clamped to a writing board. Immediately after the race is run, his call sheet is translated into the chart which appears in the next day's *Express*.

The finished chart includes, in addition to the call of every horse at significant points in the race, position, weight, jockey, owner, equivalent odds to one dollar, fractional time, track conditions, official payoffs on the first three horses and the last notes. The charts are sent immediately after the race to the wire services in addition to the Triangle turf papers. A caller who delays the chart or sends erroneous chart corrections

after viewing the film patrol doesn't last long in the business. He has to be right the first time.

Public-address men converse who call the race for the crowds and radio and television broadcasters have problems similar to those of the track men, as valuers are terrified, but they are not under such intense pressure. Their observations do not go into the record of the race. They can call vague points such as "intend the turn" or "in the backstretch." They don't have to call the exact distances separating horses and they don't have to deal with the entire field.

They say on Jacobs Hearn that a fighter's legs go first. It's the caller's eyes that go first. Eyestrain is complicated by the fact that the caller must use 10-power 10 mm. binoculars. In strong sunlight colors tend to run together at a distance, making it almost impossible to distinguish the differences. There is no record of a chart-caller actually going blind, but most callers are deeply concerned about their vision, sometimes morbidly so. A caller, since retired, who was working the Nagsawanta Park, R.I. meeting back in the 1930s once became hexachondria when his eyes

One day Eddie Mack, a Boston sports promoter and prankster, blackened the lenses of the chart-caller's binoculars. When the chart-caller raised his glasses, he stood rigid for a moment, then collapsed into a chair, sweating profusely and deathly pale. It required the services of the track physician to revive him before he could call the day's races.

The chart-caller's job often remains at the top of his profession for more than 10 or a dozen years because of the terrific eyestrain and nervous tension it imposes upon him. There are exceptions to this rule, of course. C. J. (Chuck) Connor called charts for about 25 years. Fair, who has six grandchildren, has called continuously since 1934. A graduate of Iowa State College, he was an engineer and apterapist before that. Most callers become reporters, columnists or desk men for the racing papers when they hang up their binoculars. A few become sports officials.

One veteran still active is James J. Murphy, who used to work mostly around Chicago. A large, handsome and gregarious man whom you might mistake for a convivial wine salesman or the affable manager of a luxury hotel, he has seldom been rattled, not even by the glamorous Hedy Lamarr, who stood close to him in the press box at Santa Anita while he was calling a big \$100,000 stakes race. In her enthrallment Miss Lamarr clasped Murphy's arm. He went right on with his unemotional singing and didn't miss a call.

Murphy did bluff once. He was calling a run-of-the-mine race in his usual efficient manner. A break in rhythm in the call was disastrous for the chart-taker. An 80-to-1 shot led the field into the stretch. Murphy suddenly dropped his binoculars and yelled to a colleague, "Pick up the call!" His startled companion picked up the remaining calls as best he could while Murphy stood snapping his fingers and muttering, "Beat that boss! Beat that boss!"

When the burn had been beaten by a head, the substitute caller turned to Murphy and asked, "What happened? You go blind or have you gone crazy?"

"I suddenly remembered my wife gave me five bucks to bet on that 80-to-1 shot," Murphy answered. "I forgot to buy her ticket and it was going to cost me \$400 if he won. I had to beat that horse!"

—DAVID ALEXANDER

CALL-TAKER'S WORK SHEET

(2)

no. new battery

no. NT

opp - 146

sr	k_1	k_2	sr	k_1	k_2	sr	k_1	k_2
1	2^1	2^2	2^3	1	2^1	2^2	2^3	2^4
2	2^1	2^2	2^3	2	2^1	2^2	2^3	2^4
3	2^1	2^2	2^3	3	2^1	2^2	2^3	2^4
4	2^1	2^2	2^3	4	2^1	2^2	2^3	2^4
5	2^1	2^2	2^3	5	2^1	2^2	2^3	2^4
6	2^1	2^2	2^3	6	2^1	2^2	2^3	2^4
7	2^1	2^2	2^3	7	2^1	2^2	2^3	2^4
8	2^1	2^2	2^3	8	2^1	2^2	2^3	2^4
9	2^1	2^2	2^3	9	2^1	2^2	2^3	2^4
10	2^1	2^2	2^3	10	2^1	2^2	2^3	2^4
11	2^1	2^2	2^3	11	2^1	2^2	2^3	2^4

SECOND RACE at Hobequot is recorded by Caras above. Bartons Beach crossed fourth out of gate, sixth but better in "the" at quarter pole, fifth at the half and third in stretch, a head in front of Run Bully and a length behind Velvet Shield and two and a half behind Red Coral. Lord Mike, bottom, shaded, three inches

shall Johnson's rest for life and pass on him from considering himself to be a citizen with the privilege of speaking out in political debate. Before the Universal Negro Improvement Association, in Detroit, Johnson gave voice to his opinion on a presidential candidate: "Franklin D. Roosevelt is a champion area and wearing the belt. Abraham Lincoln was a good fighter in the prime, but he can't help us now. Always staying above water in the nation." Though his man was elected, his remarks were controverted on Johnson, and two years later he was glad to accept the role of a captured Ethiopian general in a New York Hippodrome Production of *Aida*. He made a splendid appearance in his leopard skincoat the past seasonments in publicity. During rehearsals Johnson said to a reporter, "They needed a big strong fellow, and black—and that was me. I am to be the head general of Ethiopia, dressed up like Saladin with robes and all, and they take me up to Memphis—not Memphis, Tenn., but in the old country—and I am a prisoner. Boy, I mean to struggle plenty."

"Do they put you in chains?" he was asked.

"They are supposed to and they'll try to, but I'll put up a good battle," Johnson replied. "If they can get chains on me, okay and good, but I got to show up well. I can't be a zero!" He then studied the conversation and remarked that the reason a robust defiance signified he was a Reptaher. "Roosevelt! Roosevelt!" Johnson cried. "He has done more for the black race than I mean!"

In this kind of shrewd clowning, Johnson gave a perfect demonstration of one of the greatest personal talents he had—developed in his mature years. But no predictable clowning is really felt only when related on a stage or on a automobile. It required no psychiatric to see the anger and arrogance expressed in the big, gruff speech at which his big ears waved over the road. The extraordinary quickness of Johnson's reflexes—plunging good luck—had always saved him and others from serious injury. But as he approached the age of 70, those marvellously fast reflexes began to slow down. And though he did not admit it, his hearing and memory also began to be impaired.

That was the situation on June 10, 1941, when Johnson crossed the border

Forget f stops and shutter speeds. Just shoot the picture!

f stops and shutter speeds set automatically — just line up the arrows

You control "intensity!"
The *Autowide* can't wash out or over-expose the subject.



MINOLTA AUTOWIDE \$89.50

For ultra fast shooting there's a single thumb lever that advances the film, cocks the shutter, counts the frames, or one swift movement. Then to compose in a wink, there's an "Auto bright" Lens Frame to show exactly what you get in the picture. Also built-in self timer, flash synchronization for bulbs and electronic.

Wide Vision 42.8, 4-element lens—professional quality—perfect for color slides. This ultra fine, wide-angle lens is usually available only as an extra accessory, on very expensive cameras. But because Minolta makes their own glass—lenses their own grinding—yes on this exceptional value. At all authorized Minolta dealers.

MINOLTA CAMERAS • 150 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 38

CARY

MIDDLECOFF INVITES YOU TO "HIT THE LONG BALL"

Play the new '59 WILSON STAFF



Hold through pro shops only
Wilson
Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
Member of the famed Wilson Athletic Staff



you'll enjoy stopping at Chicago's

Executive House
Tomorrow's Hotel Today

CHICAGO'S Executive House, a new eight modern 10-story skyscraper with cover in garage, ideally located on the edge of the famous Loop, includes many innovations — including private sun terraces — the best word in luxury hotel living.



Write for colorful brochure

Executive House

Dept. 534, 70 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.
A. M. Gaudin, General Manager



Most
Remarkable
what the
right Vermouth
will do for
a Manhattan

© ROLFELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

MARTINI & ROSSI

M&R IMPORTED SWEET VERMOUTH

JACK JOHNSON *continued*

der of North Carolina, heading for New York at the wheel of his 1939 Lincoln Zephyr. He was returning from an engagement with a small Texas circus, and traveling fast. Beside him sat a man named Fred L. Scott, whom he had employed to go along for company and to spell him in driving. Around 3:30 p.m. they approached the outskirts of Franklinton, where U.S. 1 swings in a gentle curve. A truck rose into view coming the other way. Johnson lost control to the right. He pulled back heading straight for the truck and veered the wheel. The Zephyr yawed across the concrete, this time crashing into a power pole. Scott was thrown clear and escaped with minor injuries. The driver's side of the car was crumpled and Johnson was unconscious. They got him to St. Agnes' Hospital in Raleigh in less than an hour, and he died three internal injuries at 6:10 p.m. The younger people on the staff did not know this man; the older patient was, but an old doctor looked down at the small black, unconscious face and exclaimed: "That's Jack Johnson."

NEXT day his casket came to rest in Johnson's body in Chicago, and there, at undertaking rooms on South Michigan Avenue, great crowds waited with tin can phones to catch a chance to march past the open casket, while a police detail stood by. On June 11, thousands of Negroes and many white persons stood in the streets outside the big, high-domed Pilgrim Baptist Church, with a corps of Red Cross workers on hand to rain the hysterical. In the auditorium the Rev. Junius Caesar Austin Sr. rose to address 2,500 mourners from a flower-barricaded pulpit.

"Jack struck a double blow when he became heavyweight champion," said the minister. "If we hadn't had a Jack, we wouldn't have a Joe now." The reference was to Joe Louis, who then held the heavyweight title. In a sense, that statement could serve as Johnson's best epitaph and a justification for a life too often marred by selfishness and arrogance. During it, many persons had denounced and detested him, yet he stayed warm in the hearts of others who greatly needed someone to admire. For them, Jack Johnson's career was a source both of pride and inspiration.

END

210, wherein she advocated the generous use of salt to preserve the trout after properly cleaning them. May I take the liberty of suggesting a much better way to preserve trout or any other species of fresh-water fish.

You will recall that the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Indians and the British for years sought a shorter route to the spice lands of the Far East. Why? To preserve their meats. Spices were man's first type of refrigeration. How did these navigators of older times keep their meats palatable for the many weeks it required to go from their starting wharves to their destination? Well, the answer was not salt, it was pepper.

In the early days of the century it required the better part of three days to go from Buffalo to my camp near Algonquin Park, Ont. by train, boat and wagon.

We never failed to catch many fine specimens of both trout and bass, and to satisfy our ego and show our friends samples of our catch we first thoroughly cleaned the fish, and after completely washing and drying them we covered them with pepper inside and out. Each fish was separately wrapped in birchbark or paper, if available, and the entire catch bundled. Salting fish makes them salty, and if by chance they are not already spoiled, the excessive salting to remove the salt will do so.

O. H. PETERS

Buffalo

Sir:

I find no fault with Charlotte Adams' suggestions for the care of trout near the stream, but her recommendations for freezing trout are O.K. for salmon and pike perhaps; but for trout—no, no, no!

This is the proper way:

Buy plastic containers, not bags. All stores sell them in varying sizes. Fill large fish and place small fish, like trout, whole in large containers. Cover fish completely with water (the salt-water fish, add pinch of salt), cover tightly with container lid and place in freezer. Quick-freeze is not necessary, but refrigerator freezing compartment isn't cold enough.

When ready to cook, simply melt the ice block and dry the fish well. They will be fresh six months or six years later.

"Bar Fix"

Yuma, Ariz.

OUR CAR

Sir:

It was with sorrow that I read about the death of Jerry Unser at Indianapolis 181. May 28. Unser was a member of my crew on the U.S.S. McGibbs six years ago at Pearl Harbor. He was an excellent racing driver even then, although his eyes, glasses and studious demeanor belied his swelling ambition. The blue-and-gold stock car he successfully raced was called the McGibbs Special. The car was aptly named. On Friday nights the crew would turn out en masse to cheer Jerry on to victory, and on Saturdays the bar would invariably be passed to buy some replacement or improvement for "our" car.

S. DOMINQUE
Commander, USN

U.S.S. Premier
New York City



*a place for
every club...
and every club
in its place!*

All New SHAFT-SAVER comparto COMPLETE GOLF BAG

Here is the perfect answer to perfect club separation, perfect shaft and grip protection, PLUS every other feature you want in a complete golf bag. Individual, full length, unbreakable tubes — one for each club — are the secret. Multiple pocket models with Vinyl or Leather trim from \$40 to \$48 wherever golf bags are sold.

DESIGNED FOR CONTOUR
Every club sleeve fits snugly so you will never have to worry about club movement.

OLD STYLE
With SHAFT-SAVER, clubs never touch. You get the right club the first time. Empty tubes instantly separate missing clubs.

SHAFT-SAVER
Each year 10 to 15% of your clubs — they're completely separated, keep new-models looking like new.

atlantic

ATLANTIC PRODUCTS SALES CORP. TRENTON 5, N. J.

Make delicious WHISKEY SOUR cocktails-at home

EQUAL TO THOSE SERVED AT WORLD-FAMOUS BARS

Make them the quick, easy way with Holland House Whiskey Sour Mix. Just add your favorite brand of whiskey to the Mix and you'll serve perfect Whiskey Sour cocktails every time.

Other popular Holland House Cocktail Mixes: Manhattan, Dry Martini, Daiquiri, Tom Collins, Old Fashioned, Brandy, Side Car, Quinine Tonic & Ginster.

HOLLAND HOUSE

WHISKEY SOUR MIX

Just mix—enough for 25 cocktails
89¢
Whisky higher than
all the Mississippi

At Food, Drug, Beverage & Liquor Stores.
Write for free cocktail and mixedologist.

Holland House Sales Co., Minneapolis 22, Minn.

COMPLETE KITCHEN

COMBINED STOVE • OVEN
SINK • REFRIGERATOR
FREEZER • STORAGE

Other models available with 8 cu. ft. refrigerator including 1 cu. ft. pull-out freezer drawer... stainless steel or porcelain top... natural wood finish... garbage disposal.

WRITE today for complete details and specially reduced General Chef built-in units.

GENERAL AIR CONDITIONING CORP.
Dept. G-2, 4842 E. Dunsmuir St.
Los Angeles 23, California

General Chef

NATIONWIDE SALES AND SERVICE

Pat on the Back

Walter Dumas



THOMAS E. RIVERS

'Leisure is the soul's well-being'

Since 1934 the International Recreation Association (Tom Rivers, Director General) has served as a clearinghouse of experiences for those working in sports and recreation all over the world. This summer, as joint guests of the IIRA and the State Department, 17 Olympic coaches from other lands will share all that U.S. coaches know about preparing participants for Olympic competition. Gathered here with Rivers (center) are 10 of them: (in front row) Henry Jones of Panama, Edward Nyako of Ghana, Stefano Avorio Stark of Paraguay, Taj Ahmed Khan of Pakistan, Narciso Rodriguez of Venezuela and

Yousa Abdoulin of Iran; (in rear row) Kim Chang-Koon of Korea, Mohamed Marroun of Morocco, Carlos Belmar of Panama and Brigade Iriarte of Venezuela.

After touring the country to observe track and field championships, they will attend New York University's physical education camp for seminars ranging from nutrition to the role of sport in national life. The climax of their U.S. trip will be the Pan American Games. Tom Rivers, who has spent four decades in the field of recreation, likes to quote Aristotle: "... And the soul's well-being seems to be found in leisure."

GRADUATE TO MOVIES



Kodak Cine Automatic Tower Camera, $f/1.9$, for regular, wide-angle, telephoto shots. \$124.50. Single-lens model, \$92.50.

New! Kodak Cine—the automatic way to take and show your movies best

NEW MOVIE CAMERAS SET THEMSELVES AUTOMATICALLY

You'll get clear, beautiful movies every time with the new 8mm Kodak Cine Automatic Cameras. It's the easiest . . . the *best* . . . way to capture all the excitement, color, and action! Built-in electric eye automatically adjusts lens aperture for correct exposure. Built-in filter permits use of indoor Kodachrome Film outdoors. Telescopic viewfinder adjusts to individual eyesight, warns when there is too little light, shows when filter is in position.

(Prices are list, include Federal Tax, and are subject to change without notice.)

NEW MOVIE PROJECTORS THREAD THEMSELVES AUTOMATICALLY

The new automatic Kodak Cine Showtime Projector is the only projector that threads itself all the way—right inside take-up reel. New high-lumen lamp gives greatest 8mm screen brilliance in Kodak history. 400-foot reel capacity for full half-hour shows. Controls for forward, still, reverse action, and rewind on a single illuminated panel. Permanently lubricated . . . \$137.50. De luxe model with variable-speed control, AC-DC operation, and built-in splicer, \$167.50.



Automatic Kodak Cine Showtime Projector, \$137.50.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Kodak
TRADEMARK

New King-Size Soft Pack



Also available in the
famous Flip-Top Box

*The better the makin's
the better the smoke*

Marlboro